

WEEKLY

AUGUST 6, 1956

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SPORTS



COVER: JEANNE STUNYO
 Photograph by Hy Peskin

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To suit the spectators' tastes there can never be too many girl divers like pert, 20-year-old Jeanne Stunyo. But every Olympic trial proves the U.S. is overstocked. Stunyo and a half dozen other U.S. girls trying out for the Olympic team this week can beat the rest of the world off the end of a springboard, but only three will get the chance to try.

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THE COLLEGE FOOTBALL CRISIS

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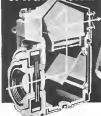
IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

BROOKLYN'S STRETCH DRIVE

With two months of the season to go, the World Champion Dodgers, erratic in past weeks, are showing signs of regaining their pennant-winning form. But is the race too fast? Roy Terrell analyzes Brooklyn's aging lineup and probes its chances against both the pitcher-rich Braves and explosive Cincinnati

PART II: THE FOOTBALL CRISIS. WHAT THE COLLEGES CAN DO

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HOTBOX



The Question:

What is the most unusual sport you've seen in your travels around the world? (Asked of members of the Circumnavigators Club.)

REAR ADMIRAL LOUIS E. OLSON

U.S. Coast Guard
Former Commander
Eastern Area

The Aleuts in the Pribilof Islands have a practical sport. Competing groups go to the cliffs where thousands of large birds nest. Each group clears an area of old eggs and paints a square around its area. The next day, the group with the most eggs in its area wins.

FRANK E. MASON

Leesburg, Va.
Newspaper publisher



Parring, a sport in Wales. Contestants wear heavy shoes with reinforced toes. Then they face each other with hands on the other's shoulders. At the signal, both start kicking the other's shins. The one who lets go and backs away to save what's left of his shins is the loser.

CAPTAIN PERCY A. COOK

Cook Island, Fla.
Descendant of
the famed explorer



A lion hunt in Africa where the natives use spears and shields only. The natives circled the lion until he was cornered. Then the lion leaped at a native, who tried to fend him off with his shield. Even though one native was killed, they vied with each other to engage the lion.

REGINALD ORCUTT

Newport, R.I.
Overseas consultant



Whaling in Greenland, a wonderful sport that you can never forget. All the Eskimo women and children stand on the hills watching the boats and singing the whale song, *Soyu Khepo*, the lyrics of which are—"Maybe a blue whale; maybe a black whale; anyway a whale."

GEORGE F. PI ERROT

Detroit
Adventurer,
lecture director



Ka-bad-di, played in Pakistan. A player must take a deep breath, run 50 feet, touch an opponent and return without being tackled. The player must shout "ka-bad-di" over and over on the one deep breath he has taken. If he takes a second breath or is tackled, he loses.

DR. WENDELL PHILLIPS

Aroha
Economic adviser to
Sultan of Muscat



High jumping by the Watusi. These men are giants. It's common to see them seven to eight feet tall in Africa's Congo. They jump from a stone and clear the bar at seven feet 8 1/2 inches. They refuse to compete in the Olympics because officials won't let them use the stone.

RAYMOND M. DINSMORE

New York
President, Circumnavigators Club



On April 29, the birthday of Emperor Hirohito, I saw the big, heavyweight Sumo wrestlers, garbed in ceremonial clothes, hold the mob spellbound by performing in the finest traditions of the sport. It's the world series of wrestling because only the top wrestlers compete.

W. GEORGE HUNTINGTON

Haverhillport, Mass.
Past president
Circumnavigators Club



Peg spearing by the Royal Bengal Lancers in India. Pegs are driven into the ground in several rows. The Lancers gallop down, each on his row of pegs, spearing as many pegs as he can and throwing the pegs over his shoulder. The one who spears the most pegs wins.

JAMES G. STAHLMAN

Nashville
Publisher
Nashville Banner



A fight between the mongoose and cobra in Delhi, India. The cobra arrives in a basket. The mongoose is chained. After the players put on their stunts, the Hindus play a weird chant on reed instruments while the mongoose sniffs the cobra. When both are frantic, they are let loose.

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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

DURING THE middle of August, Saratoga is host to two events in sport as traditional as the stately elms which line its quiet streets—quiet, at least, 11 other months of the year. First comes the Travers, the oldest stakes race in America; then the Saratoga Yearling Sales.

On their eve *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* in this issue moves into the spirit of the occasions with four pages of color depicting Saratoga as it is today and an article by Frank Sullivan describing how it got that way.

This marks the first appearance of the famous essayist and humorist in this magazine, and it could hardly happen with a better subject. Saratoga is where Frank Sullivan was born (in 1892) and where he lives now. In the meantime, he won his reputation as columnist, magazine writer and author of books in what he calls a state of "contented oscillation" between Saratoga and New York. When Saratoga gets too quiet, he goes to New York; when New York gets too noisy, he goes to Saratoga.



FRANK SULLIVAN

But Saratoga is his home town and where his heart is. Few people, if any, have had the chance to know the town so well. As he recalls in his book, *The Night the Old Nostalgia Burned Down*, he earned his first money there, at the old Saratoga race track (where in 1864 the first organized race meetings of more than one or two days' duration set the pattern for the longer meetings now standard at tracks all over the country). For six years on August Saturdays, he worked in the betting ring with a cigar box and three tin cups. With the cups he dispensed water; with the box he collected tips (for the water, not on horses). At the end of that time he had to find summertime employment elsewhere. His voice had changed, and the track superintendent considered him too mature for the job of "pump boy." He came up with a job even more essential to the Saratoga economy, if not so helpful to his own—pasting labels on spring water bottles.

Saratoga's claims to fame are many: a battle, a trunk, hotels, horses and water. I think as you read his account of how Saratoga earned its reputation you will enjoy seeing once more how Frank Sullivan, now its first citizen, deserves his.

Harry Pillsbury

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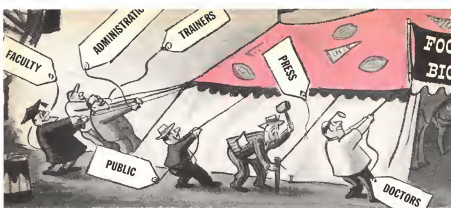
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AUGUST 6, 1954

SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED

THE COLLEGE

TO BRING FOOTBALL BACK TO ITS RIGHTFUL PLACE

IN OPENING this two-part survey on the present crisis in college football, the editors of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** are motivated by two considerations. One is the conviction that football's problems must be viewed in their own context. It does the game no service, nor does it illuminate the truth, to stand on the sidelines and preach, unmindful of the particular pressures which have shaped it over the years.

The second motivation is a strong and enduring attachment to the game. Football is a part of the very fabric of the American way of life. In all its ramifications, it is our greatest participant sport and a strong social force, as well, to young American men and women—boys and girls, if you please. To have it sullied is a hurtful thought. To have it ruled out of school or college curriculums is an unendurable one. But to prevent this, its problems must be exposed and discussed honestly, thoroughly and with constructive purpose.

These problems are not new. A generation ago in the famous Bulletin No. 23, the Carnegie Foundation Report on American College Athletics of 1929, published the following: "About 1919 there began to spread through the East and South and along the Pacific Coast a contagion of ready assistance for promising athletes, which was initiated and coordinated mainly by older hands. The result is that today, notwithstanding many statements to the contrary, the colleges of the United States are confronted with acute problems of recruiting and subsidizing, especially with respect to intercollegiate football. In the words of one of its coaches, there is 'cut-throat competition' for . . . athletes."

Today the contagion to which Bulletin No. 23 referred has increased many fold. In the two years of this magazine's existence, it has already been discussed from many points of view—by Father Hesburgh in presenting the principles of Notre Dame (SI, Sept. 27, 1954), by President Whitney Griswold of Yale as a spokesman for the Ivy League (SI, Oct. 17, 1955), by Harvey Knox of California as the symbol of the all-out booster (SI, Sept. 6, 1954) and many others.

Through such men, football has spoken for itself in the pages of this magazine—and this magazine has gained in prestige thereby. Now in the summer, before the excitement of the game could intrude, the editors felt that the moment had come to use that prestige to obtain the cooperation of all of these interested parties in an effort to speak out clearly, positively about college football. The intent is neither to tar nor whitewash, but by presenting facts and opinions to help in some way to bring football back to its rightful place in the heart of American sports.

For these facts and opinions, the editors went to the men who make the game. Detailed questionnaires were sent to 24 college presidents, eight conference commissioners and 21 coaches and athletic directors all over the nation. Their response, which was statistically close to a return of 100%, was impressive and gratifying. To interpret their answers **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's** football expert Herman Hickman drew on his own exhaustive knowledge of the game to which he has devoted his life. In the following pages, the facts of the situation are presented.

—THE EDITORS



DRAWING BY BERNARD WHISMAN

FOOTBALL CRISIS PART I

From a nationwide survey, *Sports Illustrated* presents facts, figures and fears as detailed by the men who make the game

by HERMAN HICKMAN

ONE BASIC FACT must be recognized at the outset in any realistic discussion of the problems besetting college football: the very things which support it create those problems. Of all those who answered *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* questionnaire, none expressed this more graphically or more succinctly than Lloyd Jordan, head coach at Harvard University and a past president of the College Football Coaches Association.

"It's a big sport," he said. "It's the Big Top. And in every Big Top many lines extend to the ground to keep it from falling. These lines in football are Administration, Faculty, Student Body, Press, Public, Radio and TV, Alumni, Manufacturers, Trainers, Doctors, Squad, Coaches, Building and Grounds Crew. The idea is to keep each line taut. Let one line loosen, and all the others will loosen too, and then down it comes."

These are football's pressures. They hold it up—and they can cause its downfall. But they can't be done away with. And from all the answers I received to the questionnaires sent out in the course of this survey to college presidents, athletic directors, coaches and even players, it is clear that this

basic fact has to be considered in any honest attempt to find a realistic and constructive solution to the present college football crisis.

That crisis centers around two things: the recruitment of high school players and their subsidization while in college. Both, for reasons which this survey made amply clear, have in recent years gone far beyond the limits of the tolerable. The resulting threat to the game is very real. Here is what one of football's most honorable and dedicated figures had to say on the subject—Fritz Crisler, athletic director of the University of Michigan, formerly head coach at Princeton and Michigan and chairman of the Rules Committee of the NCAA.

"We have discarded the principles on which college football was established. Emphasis in aims, purpose and objectives has changed. We are applying professional tactics to educational ideals and college athletics. We are very aggressive, in scouting and recruiting and we offer arrangements bordering on a paid-player basis.

"We generally assume the 'blue chip' football player from high school is destitute. We are taking refuge in subterfuge and by some of our practices have

created hypocrisy in some individuals and some institutions. We are nourishing a monster which can destroy us if we admit we are powerless to direct, resist or control it.

"The cure is to treat athletes not as a special class but the same as all other students; to adopt and create machinery to enforce legislation on a noncontract, nonpaid-player basis; to assume the athlete, his parents and relatives have some responsibility in financing the education of their boy; to allow the boys to seek their colleges and courses of their own free will rather than colleges seeking the athletes. Instill in young Americans that participation in college football is a privilege to be earned, not a right to be demanded and bargained for—which in the process would make them disdainful of subterfuge and dishonesty."

Now let's stop for a minute and see just what the rules on subsidizing intercollegiate athletics are across the nation. Here is the picture as revealed in the answers to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* detailed questionnaire.

All colleges, both as individual schools and as conferences, seems to have about the same problems, with

continued on next page



JOHNS HOPKINS' REED: A "no-subsidy" policy. . . . We do believe the game has very real values. However, we have had to ask ourselves if they are realized.



UCLA'S ALLEN: Any code which does not take into account alumni and booster organizations and make it possible to work constructively with them will fail.



HARVARD'S PUSEY: The Scholarship Committee gives the same consideration to football players as to other students. We have no special sources of aid. . . .

THE FOOTBALL CRISIS

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the exception of the Ivy League and, of course, the service academies. On principle each conference operates under rules which seem proper and satisfying to the group, the loose, general supervision by the NCAA. The NCAA tends to leave the matter of subsidization up to each conference and school, acting only on reports of subsidization above the top limit.

Those conferences which more or less follow the full athletic scholarship plan—the Southeastern, Atlantic Coast, Southern, Big Seven, Southwestern and Skyline—seem to feel that this plan works out quite satisfactorily. The Big Ten does not have sharply defined limits for each school but tends to approve a grant-in-aid for tuition

and a work program for athletes which enables them to earn the amount necessary to support themselves. Among the Big Ten schools there seems now to be a definite swing in sentiment toward some type of open athletic scholarship that would take care of the necessary college expenses. The Pacific Coast Conference permits grants-in-aid to cover tuition and fees in all cases except at UCLA and California, where institutional policies are different. Until this year the PCC would permit a player to work for a maximum of \$75 per month—50 hours per month, in season and out, at \$1.50 an hour. This amount has been raised for the coming year to \$100 per month by increasing the hourly pay-rate maximum to \$2.

The attitude of the Ivy group toward subsidization can be summarized

from these two excerpts from the presidents' agreement of 1954:

"The members of the group reaffirm their prohibition of athletic scholarships. Athletes shall be admitted as students and awarded financial aid only on the basis of the same academic standards and economic need as are applied to all other students.

"No student shall be eligible who has received financial support from any source except 1) from personal or family resources; 2) in return for services (other than of an athletic character) rendered through employment at normal wages; 3) from financial aid awarded by or with the specific approval of the regular academic authority of the institution in which the player is a student; 4) from government grants to war service veterans or regularly enrolled members of ROTC units."

THE ATHLETIC OFFICIALS SAY: THE EVIL LIES WITH THE



MISSOURI'S FAUROT: Most of the evils of college athletics are brought about by the coaches themselves. The alumni are merely tools in the coaches' hands.



TENNESSEE'S WYATT: I do feel that it would benefit all concerned if all conferences were to adopt the open scholarship plan, such as the grant-in-aid.



MICHIGAN'S CRISLER: We have discarded principles. . . . We are applying professional tactics to educational ideals. We are nourishing a monster.

HYPOCRISY . . . DOUBLE TALK . . . DISTORTIONS . . . TRAGEDY



PRINCETON'S DODOS: Educators must sense the importance of eliminating duality—one set of standards for education and another for athletics.



MICHIGAN'S HATCHER: Football's professional-type buildup puts a special pressure on players and coaches and institutions which they should not have to bear.



MINNESOTA'S MORRILL: Football has moved too far into the realm of public entertainment, with a distortion of its rightful place in the universities.

It must be said in fairness to all that these institutions have endowed work programs and grant innumerable scholarships. The "student" football player may receive aid from these sources far and above (in dollars and cents) the amount granted to football players at other colleges.

Strangely enough, the systems which seem to work out best lie at the two extremes—the conferences with the full athletic scholarships and the Ivy group which officially has no athletic scholarships at all.

But how does this look in dollars and cents? Here are a few specific examples which were given in answer to the questionnaire.

Let's take the University of Miami to start with. This is Big Time (or Big Top football, as Lloyd Jordan would have it), with a gross income of around

\$1 million yearly. Football not only helps considerably to support other sports at Miami but is also the primary source of aid granted to football players. Here is what Miami's President Jay F. W. Pearson reported on the subject:

"The University of Miami grants aid to football players in line with Southeastern Conference policies. This assistance consists of tuition, board, room, books and \$15 a month for incidental expenses.

"This aid is administered through the scholarship committee of the university on recommendation of the Department of Athletics.

"We have a total of approximately 100 students, including freshmen, who receive athletic scholarships for football. Their total aid follows the pattern described above."

At Texas Christian University, President M. E. Sadler broke down the figures in somewhat greater detail. There, under the rules of the Southwest Conference, the pattern of aid is approximately the same but with a lower amount—\$10—allowed for incidental expenses. Otherwise, a TCU athletic scholarship provides room, board, tuition and books, with no outside jobs permitted. Adds President Sadler:

"The athletic scholarship is administered through the regular scholarship committee of the university on recommendation of the athletic department. The same procedure is followed on other scholarships.

"All funds for scholarships come directly from the university itself. In the area of athletics, such funds come directly from the general fund.

continued on next page

ALUMNI . . . WITH THE COACHES . . . IN DISCARDED PRINCIPLES



HARVARD'S JORDAN: It's a big sport. It's the Big Top. Many lines are needed to keep it from falling. Let one line loosen, and all the others will loosen too.



OKLAHOMA'S WILKINSON: I do not believe a scholarship makes a boy a professional. It equalizes his opportunity with the boy whose parents can afford college.



MINNESOTA'S WARMATH: The evil lies behind the wealthy alumni that become involved in the squabble of trying to procure the services of athletes.

THE FOOTBALL CRISIS

continued from page 9

"Football finances all other intercollegiate sports of the university and indirectly most of the intramural work. Only intercollegiate basketball pays any considerable part of its way.

"Gross receipts from football for the 1955 season were approximately \$520,000. Expenditures approximately: salaries \$65,000; travel \$80,000; other sports \$35,000; equipment \$30,000; payment on stadium \$80,000; scholarships \$145,000.

"Varsity and freshman football team members numbered 104 in 1955 and received from athletic grants approximately \$111,300, all direct from the university. No loans, jobs or other grants.

"Aid in scholarship form was received by 103 members of varsity and freshman football squads. At the same time, 780 other students received help in some form including band members, ministers, creative writing, etc."

A more specific and clearer statement of the facts than this could scarcely be expected. It can stand as the pattern for schools which, like TCU, believe that the full athletic scholarship is the best answer to the problems which Big Time football poses. But there are other beliefs and systems. Let's look now at a Pacific Coast Conference school, specifically the University of California at Los Angeles, one of four West Coast schools recently penalized for rules infractions.

Replying to the question: "Does your institution grant aid in any form to football players and, if so, on what basis?" Chancellor Raymond B. Allen wrote:

"If by 'aid' is meant cash grants, incidental or tuition-fee waivers or rebates, free or part-time room and board or free books, the answer to the question is in the negative. The Associated Students of the University of California at Los Angeles and the university cooperate in making jobs available to football players and other athletes within the limitations imposed by the PCC Code. Athletes may also receive tutoring services under the PCC Code, and some activity of this type is supported by the ASUCLA.

"It should be emphasized that the ASUCLA is an organization separate from the university administration, and that it maintains its own funds and has no call upon state tax monies. Its position is somewhat analogous to that of a wholly owned subsidiary of the university."

In replying to the question of the limit of legal aid an athlete may receive at UCLA, Chancellor Allen stated:

"Under the Pacific Coast Conference Code an athlete may receive a grant-in-aid equal to the amount of tuition and other regular compulsory fees he is required to pay during a regular academic year. An institution may award up to 60 of such grants in any one year from institutional funds; awards in excess of this number must be made from funds donated to the institution for this purpose. The University of California does not make such grants at present. Also, an athlete may be employed by his student body or the athletic association. He may be employed elsewhere for 'work



PRESIDENT SADLER, TCU

Football finances all other intercollegiate sports of the university and indirectly most of the intramural work. Only college basketball pays any part of its way.

actually done,' provided his compensation does not exceed that ordinarily paid for similar work.

"Athletes employed by the Athletic Department of the Associated Students earned \$54,505.67 in 1954-55. At \$75 per month for nine months, this figure indicates that about 80 athletes received job assistance in this form during that year. These boys were employed in groundskeeping, parking-lot control, office assistance, training room, stockroom, etc. In addition about half again as many were employed in the ASUCLA cafeteria and bookstore. About 120 athletes, altogether, then, held ASUCLA jobs during 1954-55. No athlete earned more than the allowable amount, and some earned less."

Question: "How many members of last year's varsity and freshman football squads received aid of any type?"

Answer: "I assume the question refers to illegal, off-campus aid as well as aid given under the PCC Code. I think it is fair to state that most or

all of the members of the freshman and varsity football squads held on-campus jobs. How many and who received illegal, off-campus aid cannot be stated at this time, since the matter is still under investigation."

That's the picture in California, and the system under which UCLA, California and Southern California got themselves into trouble. By way of extreme contrast, here is what an Ivy League college replied, Harvard University in the person of its president, Nathan M. Pusey:

"There are no special aid funds for football players. The scholarship committee gives the same consideration to football players as to other students, and the only aid funds open to them are the same ones for which all undergraduates are eligible.

"No financial aid for students is administered by the athletic department. We have no special sources of aid expressly for students participating in sports. The principal means of financial assistance for undergraduates are endowments for scholarships and loans, current gifts from alumni and friends of Harvard, and unrestricted money belonging to the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, which is our largest faculty and the one responsible for the college athletic program.

"Financial aid in the form of scholarships or loans or jobs (or any combinations of these forms of aid) was awarded as follows [to members of the varsity and freshman football squads]: out of 41 members of the varsity squad, 19 men received aid totaling \$18,500; out of 35 members of the freshman squad, 12 received aid totaling \$12,160."

So there is the story, in dollars and cents, and by and large it is representative of most of the colleges across the nation. Here, in amplification of the direct questions asked, are some opinions from college presidents, athletic directors and coaches on what this situation means to them and to football.

The replies from President Dodds of Princeton and President G. D. Humphrey of Wyoming represent, in a sense, academic poles.

Dr. Dodds:

"In my prefatory remarks I have emphasized my belief in football and athletics in general as a 'positive adjunct' to liberal education. I say this because experience shows that activities supplementing the educational process are essential to development of the man who can take responsibility

and acquit himself with honor on any stage of life; one who can and will work with and lead others. These are definite qualities which we strive to cultivate in our Princeton product, whether he is concerned with debating or music or playing guard or fullback.

"Football is deeply rooted in our traditions and, in fact, has been in our educational blood stream ever since Rutgers and Princeton launched the sport on an intercollegiate basis in 1869. My predecessors and I have found that participation and leadership in athletics have their own educational values for both participant and spectator undergraduates. I might add that football not only offers desirable competition, development and recreation for players but also provides a healthy focus for collegiate loyalties and public support. Incidentally, I myself hardly ever miss a game.

"The 'present state of intercollegiate football' will be bettered just as soon as all educators sense the importance of eliminating what might be called 'duality in administration' or 'double talk'—meaning one set of standards for education and another for the conduct of intercollegiate athletics."

In answer to the question: "Do you think that football is a positive adjunct to your institution?" President Humphrey of the University of Wyoming wrote:

"I have never lost faith, however, despite my concern for the abuses, in the idea that the good in football—the kind of major competitive football which so appeals to millions of Americans—far outweighs the excesses to which the game falls victim.

"To abolish major college football or to relegate it to intramural status, would, in my opinion, be tragedy. If such were done most of the spiritual and emotional force which is traditionally our American college spirit would be lost. Lost with it—and this would be more important—might be much of the physical and moral courage and tough fiber which comes from fierce competition in our last universally played contact sport.

"Unless universities can eliminate and control excesses which plague football and can meet the increasing pressure which accompanies such large-scale financial enterprise, the game as we know it, will perhaps deserve the fate its most bitter critics wish for it.

"That such elimination and control are absolutely necessary for the betterment of football no one doubts. The methods by which this can be accom-

plished are by no means as apparent. There is no pat nor simple, shortcut cure to football's ills. No amount of legislation itself will get to the root of the malpractices in recruiting and excessive financial aid to athletes which are the result of today's competition for players. That such malpractices have arisen, is, in my opinion, no more surprising than those which have been part of every fiercely competitive undertaking on the free enterprise system has made possible. Like those competitively parallel enterprises, the solution to football's survival at its present level must come from the minds and hearts of those who have made the game their career."

Minnesota President J. L. Morrill's opinion had a different slant:

"Intercollegiate football can be bettered by a reappraisal of its place in the total educational enterprise—by

PRINCETON'S CALDWELL

The motivation which is slowly driving college football toward professionalism comes from the American trait, "the desire to win." This trait is one of the great characteristics of our American way of life, but it should not be used in a way to complicate the life of college students.

pulling it into educational perspective. It has moved too far into the realm of public entertainment, with a distortion of its rightful place in the program of universities, I deeply believe."

It is pertinent, at this point, to quote Chancellor Allen of the University of California at Los Angeles once more. The remarks made by this embattled official in amplification of the specific questions put to him reveal in clear detail the pressures that led California athletes into trouble and show how difficult is the solution to the problem:

"It is true that most of the problems university administrators face because of athletics derive from football, primarily because of the great public interest football generates. But just because there are problems we, as university administrators, should not attempt to throttle football to the point where there is a grave danger that it will be choked off entirely. I cannot believe that there are evils 'inherent' in the sport, nor that it must be 'de-emphasized' to the point of nonexistence in order to maintain proper controls. I believe there is a harmonious middle ground in which football is neither emphasized nor deflated past its

true meaning in collegiate life, and in which the sport and the activities connected with it are truly representative of all that a great university stands for.

"I think perhaps the essential point that must be resolved is to insure equitable competitive conditions. Obviously this point has many ramifications. As SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is well aware, the Pacific Coast Conference and its member schools are now involved in a situation that is most unpleasant to all concerned, and one that is, in my opinion, the direct result of an unrealistic approach to athletic problems. UCLA, for example, has been treated harshly by the conference for activities of booster club organizations of which I had absolutely no knowledge. These clubs were accused of paying players 'under the table' \$40 per month. Since the charges were made, I found—after my own investigation—that the charges were substantially true, although I have not been given information as to who among the players received such aid. Until I pleaded with the booster club organizations to disclose their operations, on the promise that other conference clubs would be asked to do the same, their activities had been hidden from me and from others in official positions. The booster clubs felt that in order to compete in the conference it was necessary to subsidize players. They knew that in order to do this, it was necessary to hide their operations from persons whose positions were such that they would be honor bound to report knowledge of illegal activities.

"Since these disclosures about UCLA booster club activities, and about similar activities at other conference colleges, I have been told by knowledgeable persons that some pattern of subsidy 'under the table' exists at all PCC institutions. The pattern may differ from that which existed at UCLA, but the element of illegal subsidy is doubtless present in all cases.

"The Pacific Coast Conference has had periods of serious trouble, and it is in one now, because it is difficult to develop a code that is fair to all schools when the schools differ so markedly in a number of respects. I mean, for example, that the member institutions differ in size, admission requirements, metropolitan or residential characteristics and in many other respects as well. As a result severe stresses and pressures have been generated to a degree which threatens the integrity of the conference itself.

"I earnestly hope that a workable program of cooperation among the

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THE AUGUST DELIGHTS OF SARATOGA

by FRANK SULLIVAN

The summer meeting begins this week at the lovely old spa, celebrated here in color photographs and an affectionate essay by a famed resident

SARATOGA is not as powerful a factor in the counting house department of racing as the great, prosperous metropolitan tracks, but its contribution—though less tangible—is important. It is the oldest functioning race track in the country. It has the patina of tradition, the memories of great horses, great sportsmen, great jockeys and great races for nearly a century. Saratoga embodies the history of American racing in a setting of placid beauty, a green valley some 190 miles north of New York City. This nostalgic charm, this reminder of pleasant yesterdays, still seems to count, even in this raucous age. Certainly the gentlemen who founded the National Museum of Racing thought so when they chose Saratoga as the logical location for Racing's Hall of Fame. Its handsome new home, just outside the track, was dedicated a year ago by Governor Harriman.

Racing began at the present running track at Saratoga in the summer of 1864. General Grant was not present at the opening on account of pressing business elsewhere but he got to Saratoga in 1865. The moving spirit in the new track was John Morrissey, a gambler, ex-Congressman and ex-heavyweight fighter who built the casino later to become famous as *Camfield's*. The first president of the Saratoga Association was William R. Travers, a New York sportsman for whom the Travers, the oldest stake race in the U.S., was named, and among the directors was Leonard Jerome, grandfather of a currently famous English horse owner and painter named Churchill.

Though the Saratoga track is 92 summers old, it has not seen 92 racing

seasons. Anti-racing laws enacted in 1910 resulted in the closing of the Saratoga track in 1911 and 1912. Gasoline rationing shut it again from 1943 through 1945. Three years ago it passed, with commendable fortitude, through an investigation which, at a cost of a half million dollars, abolished sin at the spa, or re-abolished it. Whenever spasms of virtue seize the body politic, Saratoga is investigated.

Eight years hence, *Deo volente*, the centenary of the Saratoga track will offer opportunity for a gay and vivid historical pageant, with an all-star cast of characters, two-footed and four-footed. If such a pageant is held, it ought surely to include an episode about the maddest and most uproarious day the Saratoga track ever saw, Aug. 16, 1930, when a chestnut colt named Jim Dandy won the Travers at 100 to one. He was an outsider running against two aristocrats, Gallant Fox and Whirlone. He seemed born to blush unseen that day and the odds of 100 to one on him seemed justified. But Gallant Fox and Whirlone paid too much attention to each other and not enough to the tortoise, Dandy, and so the tortoise won, by six lengths. Pandemonium, as they say, reigned. It was estimated that the late Sam Ross, the "subway king," a jovial one-man mob of no mean decibel power, contributed at least 40% of the pandemonium, for he had bet a packet on Jim Dandy. There will be talk of that Travers and of Jim Dandy as long as people who like horses can talk.

In the centennial observance, there must also be commemoration of the sad day at Saratoga when Man o' War, fondly known as Big Red, suffered the only defeat of his magnificent career. It was Aug. 13, 1919 in the Sanford Memorial, and Big Red lost the race by half a length to a colt ironically named Upset. Ten days after Upset upset Big Red, Big Red upset Upset in the Grand Union Hotel Stake, and he did the same on other occasions, including the Travers of 1920. This three-horse running of the Travers is memorialized by a mural in the grill of the New Worden Hotel in Saratoga, showing Big Red, Upset and John P. Grier finishing in that order. Saratoga had an affectionate interest in Man o' War because it was there, as a yearling in 1918, he started his fabulous professional career when he was sold to Samuel D. Riddle for \$5,000.

We might as well put some history-book history in the 1964 Saratoga gala with a float commemorating Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne, a British sportsman who had an accident at Saratoga not dissimilar to what overtook Man o' War in that Sanford Memorial. In October of 1777 General Burgoyne finished second to the Americans in a decisive battle that gave George III quite a jolt. The daily double player at the spa ought to pause occasionally in his frenzied quest for the bluebird of happiness and reflect that his country got a mighty shove toward its independence at a spot

(text continued on page 68)

Briefly aligned after the start, the field pounds up the 1,320-foot stretch before Saratoga's old stands





As much a part of the Saratoga scene as the morning workouts for the race horses



is the traditional breakfast on the clubhouse terrace for horsemen and their guests



Prospective buyers indulge in serious conformation studies before yearling sales

Famous Canfield Casino, now a museum, is a reminder of the past in Congress Park



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

A DEEP FAREWELL TO A STRICKEN FRIEND • A SICK EVENT
AND A NEW PRESCRIPTION • WHAT FINALLY HAPPENED TO
THOSE YOUNG MEN IN ENGLAND • SOMETHING FOR THE GIRLS

A FINAL VISIT

ONE OF THE fascinating, not-so-grim sidelights to the Andrea Doria's sinking last week was a final call, paid on her by two sportsmen. The ocean holds some awesome sights for those who plumb the depths, but the chance to examine this lovely, sad vessel in her grave was like a skin-diver's dream.

The men for whom the dream came true were Peter R. Gimbel, 26-year-old son of the New York department store executive and sportsman, Bernard Gimbel; and Peter's friend, Joseph M. Fox, 29. Chartering a cabin cruiser from Nantucket the day after the disaster, they anchored off the yellow buoy marking the sunken ship. Both experienced divers, they put on masks and rubber suits, and each strapped a pair of compressed-air tanks on his back. Then they dove.

"The Andrea Doria is a stirring, unbelievable thing to see," Gimbel recounted later. "She makes an unbelievable impression because she seems so completely out of place. She seems almost alive."

"She is lying on her starboard side, and her port side seems in excellent condition. Her paint isn't even blemished. The portholes are unbroken. Even the lights along the promenade deck are unbroken."

"The only thing out of place that is apparent at first glance is a lot of loose rope which, I suppose, would be used to let passengers slide off the ship. Some blankets are piled against the portholes, and you can see some furniture floating about inside. The vessel has a great deal of air. The whole stretch of water in the area is seething with bubbles that make the water a very light blue."

After about a half hour on the ship's hull, Fox was overcome by carbon dioxide poisoning. "It was a little touchy getting him up," Gimbel explained. "I inflated a rescue pack and hung onto him until we surfaced. We shot up pretty fast from 160 feet down." Fortunately, neither was the worse for this sudden ascent and both were able to take home a memory few can share: the first—and possibly last—visit to a great ship in her grave.

TOURNAMENT DOCTOR

UNTIL THIS YEAR the personality of Jackie Burke, the golfer, was far more winning than his tournament play. His affability and boyish charm made him a favorite of fans and fellow pros, but the top championships

always eluded him. Then, in April he won the Masters. Last week, with a rare display of chipping and putting in the clutch, Jackie added the Professional Golfers Association championship to his honors (see page 46), thus giving him two of the pros' Big Three titles. Gene Sarazen, who was PGA champion in 1923, the year Jack Burke was born, spoke for many when he said, "A nicer player couldn't have won, and few could wear the crown so well."

The approval that surrounded Burke did not extend to the tournament itself. Five days of play at the Blue Hill Country Club in Canton, Mass. drew fewer than 10,000 paying spectators, and the host club, which had put up a \$42,500 guarantee for the tournament, lost money. Although there was some

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

• Slower and Safer

Look for new engines and new tires at next year's Indianapolis "500." Speedway Owner Anton Hulman has just reduced maximum piston displacement from 274 cu. in. to 256 cu. in., while Firestone has been running successful high-speed (up to 145 mph) tests with waffle-treaded tires.

• Seafair Scuttlebutt

Unlimited Hydroplanes, the hot-rods of speedboating, open their season at Seattle Seafair on Lake Washington, Aug. 5. Boats to watch: Burnett Barley Jr.'s Wildcat, formerly Tempe VII, Gay Lombardo's 1955 national champion; Miss Wahoo, designed by Ted Jones; Gale V, 1955 Gold Cup champ; Sis-Me-Shun IV, Stan Sayner's Allison-powered perennial.

• Too Many Too Fast

Baseball writers attending the 1956 Hall of Fame ceremonies complained that the Cooperstown museum was becoming too crowded too fast, decided to stem influx by voting in newcomers every two years instead of annually.

• Cup Revival

After hush-hush talks with British, New York Yacht Club will ask courts to change dead of gift for America's Cup so it may be raced for in 12-meters instead of vastly expensive 135-foot J-boats. Several U.S. syndicates have shown interest in building defenders. Cost for one boat and accessories about \$200,000.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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criticism of the condition of the course, the "slow greens" and the poorly handled crowd, the real trouble with the PGA lay deeper than the immediate problems at Blue Hill. It is a chronic trouble: too many top pros either pass up the event or lack the seniority to enter. This absence of big names has cost the PGA dearly in prestige and interest in recent years.

Sportswriters and the pros themselves have long fought the rule against eligibility until a player has been a PGA member for five years. "If they're qualified for membership," says Sarazen, who this year reached the semi-finals at the age of 54, "they should be qualified for the tournament." He then pointed out that the five-year rule deprived this year's tournament of such young stars as Gene Littler, Mike Souchak, Dow Finsterwald and Arnold Palmer.

Sarazen also suggested the PGA change the tournament from match to medal play. "Match play is antiquated," he said. "Medal play is more exciting to the public. It would draw bigger crowds, even attract a television sponsor. This would bring in more revenue and provide bigger prizes to attract the professionals with a record of accomplishment." Many good players do not like match play because of the possibility of elimination in an early round, he added. "You see, we have many good players today, but few great ones."

While PGA officials refuse to admit openly that their championship has suffered a loss of public interest and prestige, there are indications they know it and plan to act. One of the clearest signs was the appointment last week of J. Edwin Carter as PGA tournament bureau manager.

Barly Ed Carter was a small-town newspaper owner and golf enthusiast when the National Open was scheduled for his home club, Baltusrol, in 1954. Appointed program committee chairman, he put club members and wives to work soliciting ads, and their work was so effective the program grossed \$106,000, some \$29,000 more than for any previous Open. Impressed by his success, the San Francisco Olympic Club hired him as an adviser for the 1955 National Open, where he got the program gross up to \$97,000, almost double the expectations.

In his new role as a golf tournament specialist, Carter followed the pro circuit and discovered that many of their

events were badly managed, scheduled and promoted. The fan who was fortunate enough to have a tournament in his area usually had to fight an unruly herd of other fans, only to get to a surly golfer who treated him like a freak. Now at an annual salary of \$21,000, Carter will act as advance man and handle the promotion not only for the PGA championship itself but for the entire pro schedule throughout the year. A man of unbounded optimism, he expects to double the gross in his first year.

Carter doesn't agree that match play is dead and intends to keep it for the PGA championship. "I believe this year's PGA, in format, was very successful. Since 98% of the amateur golfers in the world play only match, this type of head-on play is best understood and best loved by the golfing public. If there was a fault with this year's PGA, it was not the type of play, it was the absence of so many top golfers." (Cary Middlecoff, the current Open champion, along with former champions Lloyd Mangrum and Julius Boros, was among those who passed up Blue Hill last week.)

Larger purses would bring in the old pros, Carter feels, but it will also be necessary to soften the five-year rule barring younger players. Another of the thoughts turning over in Carter's fertile mind is a consolation bracket for the PGA tournament. Lower would meet loser, and prizes would be offered for the top eight places. On the day of the semifinals, there would be four matches instead of the present two, and two final matches in one of which the two semifinal losers would meet for the third-place money.

"Personally," says one golfing buff, "I'd rather watch my favorite golfer in the loser playoffs than a couple of colorless guys harking it out for first. I think enough of the public feels this way to split the gallery."

These are just a few of the ideas taking form in Carter's thoughts, and he has yet to assume office. Once he does, the PGA may soon be looking back on its troubles.

GAME OF MONARCHS

THE FIRST American intercollegiate court tennis invasion of England is now history. As James Van Alen, the American organizer of the trip (and donor of the new Van Alen Challenge Trophy to go to the winner each year), said when Ambassador Winthrop Aldrich handed over the trophy to the English victors at a dinner at the

Guards' Club in London: it is probably better that we lost. Van Alen wants to see court tennis courts built in American colleges, and, he said, if the Americans had won, people would no doubt ask, "Why do you want courts at Princeton and Yale?" As it is, Van Alen pointed out, amid laughter, "they will now know why."

Winning their first three warmup matches against obscure provincial clubs like Hayling Island and Holyport, the Americans finally scored quite an upset when they beat both Oxford and Cambridge. Van Alen said his boys barely scraped through, but English court tennis circles were agast. By the time the Americans came up against Marylebone Cricket Club in the old court behind the pavilion at Lords in London, the galleries were crowded despite the competing attraction of the annual Oxford-Cambridge cricket match outside. Near the heavily upholstered chairs in the gallery there is a sign on the wall—SILENCE PLEASE—but the ivy-covered building resounded all afternoon with English cries of "Good heavens!" or "Good Lord!" as the young Americans, almost all beginners at this ancient and picturesque sport, went on to win for the sixth time in a row. But that was the end of their string of victories.

On the first day of the three-day match against a combined Oxford-Cambridge team, the real goal of the trip, the best the Americans could do was win one match out of five. Yet the victor's one-sidedness in court tennis works both ways. The defeated not only wants revenge, nothing can stop him from trying for it. At the end of the second day, with the final doubles match lasting nearly three hours, the score stood five matches for the British to the Americans' three.

With three matches to play on the last day, there was still a chance for an American victory. Randy Hackett of Harvard (who played his first court tennis last December) and Princeton's George Reinold beat Mark Collins of Oxford and Oliver Colman of Cambridge (4-6, 6-4, 6-3, 6-2) to make it five for the British and four for the Americans.

Bill Van Alen of Pennsylvania, nephew of the organizer of the tour, came on the court for his decisive match with Oxford's Michael Coulman, tense and nervous. He had not been able to sleep, worrying about his game, and breakfast had been another tough period for him. Coulman, a casual, lanky, 23-year-old veteran, was

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"And try to make it look good. The emperor's here."

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calm and relaxed as he let Van Alen wear himself down and won the first set 6-5. In the second set, Van Alen tried so hard that his racket shot from his hand and flew with a clatter across the court as Coulman calmly went on to win the set and the match 6-2. In the final match, Oxford's Roddy Bloomfield smoothly erased James Van Alen of Yale, Bill's brother, 6-0, 6-2, leaving the final score: English Universities, seven matches, American Universities, four matches. Court tennis being the sort of game it is, the defeated and dark-browed American invaders are already brooding about their revenge next year.

WORDS FROM THE SEA

THE NOON WHISTLES were blowing as the sloop *Spray* left Boston, bearing only Captain Joshua Slocum, the first man to sail alone around the world. The day was perfect, the sunlight clear and strong. The Captain reported that the pulse beat high in his aging veins, and his stiffening step was light on the deck in the crisp air. The *Spray* shot ahead under full sail, every drop of water flung from her bow sparkling like a gem, and the old man contemplated his handiwork with wonder and affection. He built the *Spray* himself from an abandoned North Banks fishing boat, at a cost of \$533.62 and 13 months' labor.

As the *Spray* carried him on gently over 46,000 miles of ocean, the old man talked to himself, sang over all the songs he knew, fished, dreamed, remembered, read, wrote, prepared elaborate meals, suffered hallucinations, and once, in mid-ocean, thought he heard human voices close at hand. He did; a sailing vessel was passing. He was chased by Moorish pirates in a squall which broke the main boom of the *Spray*. While he drifted helplessly, the mainmast of the Moorish felucca was swept off.

To make the natives of Tierra del Fuego think that he had a crew, he ducked into his cabin, changed his clothes and reappeared carrying his rifle. When he slept at night near hostile islanders, he scattered carpet tacks on the deck of the *Spray*, for, as he said, a pretty good Christian will whistle when he steps on a carpet tack, and a savage will howl and claw the air, which is just what happened. In a little over three years the Captain got back to New England, in one of the greatest feats of seamanship on record. But his

achievements were not ended. The Captain was a great writer. He turned out *Sailing Alone Around the World*, a moderate success at the time, which has gradually come to be recognized as an American classic, the nautical equivalent of Thoreau's *Walden*.

Now Walter Magnus Teller, with an ironic gesture toward *The Search for Bridey Murphy*, has published *The Search for Captain Slocum* (Scribners, \$3.95), in which he has framed Slocum's story with his family history, contemporary newspaper accounts, scandals and tragedies. A fine, readable job, despite 401 scholarly footnotes and page references, *The Search for Captain Slocum* tells of the Captain's decline from his younger glory as the master of fine sailing vessels to his last grimy years, when he turned into an irascible old crank, charging admission to the *Spray* and selling souvenirs. Finally, after a visit to President Theodore Roosevelt at the White House, Captain Slocum sailed alone on the *Spray* for South America in November 1907, planning to explore the Amazon, and was never heard of again, supposedly run down by a steamer at night.

But *The Search for Captain Slocum* lacks the one great quality of Slocum's own book—the sense of the immensity of the ocean, the waves forever telling “their never-ending story of the sea.” *Sailing Alone Around the World* is one of the most readable books in the whole library of adventure. The old Captain had no fear of the sea, though he never even learned to swim; he believed wrecks came from overconfidence; he thought the ocean was friendly, but malign. He watched great whales swimming in circles, to create whirlpools that pulled together schools of

herring, devouring them at leisure, and he faced the storms in the Straits of Magellan (“compressed gales of wind handed down over the hills in chunks”) with the same sense of interest and wonder. In good weather he heard the waves gossiping while he read Drake, Stevenson, Darwin, Fro-bisher and Haldyut, and the *Spray* steered herself across the Pacific before the trade wind. During such days, “A feeling of awe crept over me. My memory worked with startling power. The ominous, the insignificant, the great, the small, the wonderful, the commonplace—all appeared before my mental vision in magical succession.” The world of affairs receded into the distance; he did not know the Spanish-American War had begun until he met the *Oregon* racing along the South American coast. The *Oregon's* captain cautiously asked if any Spanish warships were about, and Captain Slocum suggested in reply that they travel together for mutual protection.

LADIES INSIDE AND OUT

THIS WEEK, but by no means for the first time, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* adds to the pictorial evidence of the delightful change in the living pattern of U.S. women. For example, take a look at the pretty cover girl, Jeanne Stanyo. Jeanne is 20 years old, likes slow dance music, Bermuda shorts and is nicknamed Gee Gee. She is, in a word, a girl who is asked to dances—even though she is a dedicated woman diver with an excellent chance of making the U.S. Olympic team.

Jeanne and her sister athletes crowding the inside pages are no longer invaders of an alien masculine world; sport, in fact, is now almost as much a part of feminine life as nylons, detergents and the rites of the beauty parlor. That is why the pages contain so many handsome young women this week—not through any particular editorial planning but simply because young women have recently made so much big-time sports news. (The only exception this week—and deliver us from having to report same again—is the account, on page 32, of the two who lost their ladylike way and wound up in the Tijuana bull ring.) It is nice to think that the lady champions represent hundreds of thousands of other graceful, comely and healthy girls—young women who will never make an Olympic team but who grew up with tennis, golf, skiing or camping as an accepted part of their background, and lost no whit of femininity in the process.



HAVE YOU?

At steeplechases I have been,
Yet never seen a steeple,
Much less a steeple being chased
Or steeple chasing people.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

DIMPLE VERSUS DIMPLE

When the Women's Open Golf Tournament ended in a 302-stroke tie there was some doubt whether the new champion would be a professional (Mrs. Kathy Cornelius, left) or the first amateur ever (Barbara McIntire). But there was no doubt she would be a dimpling charmer. The pro won. For SI's account of the Open, turn to page 46



WONDERFUL WORLD *continued*

FLEET OF FOOT AND FETCHING

The ladies may not be able to run as fast and jump as far as the men but they are just as dedicated athletes—and far prettier to watch, as a glance at these Olympic hopefuls in the Western Open Championships easily proves

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK FIELDS

MARCIA COSGROVE (*center*) leaps to victory in 56-meter dash. Only 16, Marcia went on to win 100 and 200 meters also. Others, from left, are Gayle Dieke, Gleea Griffin, Jane Ward, Jo Ann Baker.

JEAN GAERTNER, wearing one shoe in Ernie Shelton style, clears 4 ft. 9½ in. in high jump to take second behind Joan Mayweather. Next trial is the AAU meet in Philadelphia August 17-18.



PAMELA KURBELL, 17, FIRST IN THE BASEBALL



JANE DODS tries mightily but finishes fourth in broad jump, won by 45-year-old Stella Walsh, who was our Olympic 100-meter champion in 1932.



THROW (ABOVE) WITH RECORD TOSS OF 313 FT. 1 1/2 IN. ALSO WON DISCUS AND JAVELIN





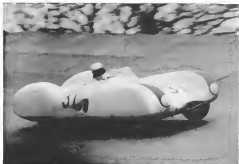
THE "FLYING CROCODILE," THE BEST RACING CAR THE REDS HAVE YET PRODUCED, FLASHES TO A NEW SOVIET RECORD OF 112 MILES PER HOUR

COSSACKS ON WHEELS

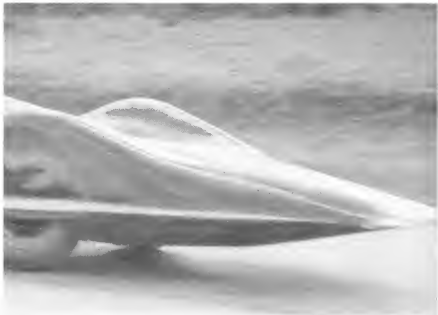
Sports car racing may have picked up capitalistic overtones from Le Mans and Sebring, but that fact doesn't seem to bother the newly mechanized cossack brigade in Russia, which is gradually emerging as a challenger to the



MOSKVICH MIDGET, with 1,100-cc. displacement, streaks over the Simferopol course, averaging 119.3 mph.



THE "CYLINDER," with 2,500-cc. displacement, shows a strong resemblance to the British D Jaguar, but cannot top Jag performance yet.



OVER A 30-KILOMETER COURSE AT SIMFEROPOL. THE UNIQUE, THREE-LITER JOB WAS HAND-BUILT BY MEMBERS OF THE KHARKOV MOTOR CLUB

European racing supremacy of Britain, Germany and Italy. The Reds have been quietly experimenting with radical body design for the past few years, and clockings in all-Russian races indicate they are achieving respectable

results. However, the Russians will not make their bid tomorrow. Their cars are scarce and have yet to show consistent performance. But one of these days, as in the Olympics, the Russians will be ready to compete in force.



ROCKET-SHAPED 2.12-liter Pobeda won U.S.S.R. championship circuit race held near Simferopol. It averaged 84 mph over the tough course.



TWO-SEATER Moskvich sports model, similar to British Austin-Healy, speeds across finish line in race near Moscow.

UMPIRES EVER WRONG? SURE, BUT WITH A PURPOSE

by GIL STRATTON, JR.

So says the author, Gil Stratton Jr., Pacific Coast League
arbiter, who holds that umpires would rather be "decently
negligent" than responsible for maiming a ballplayer

AS SURELY as an umpire's word is law, on the next 10 close plays you see at first base where the ball clearly beats the runner, the umpire is going to call the runner out and everybody will be satisfied. Just as surely, they shouldn't be. In at least seven out of 10 of those plays the runner will be safe—definitely and unassailably safe. The reason: the first baseman took his foot off the bag a split second before either ball or runner got to him.

The observation was first made to me by an accredited, card-carrying umpire in the Open Classification Pacific Coast League. When he said it, I should have been shocked. I was a fellow umpire working in the same league. I wasn't shocked though, and now that I have had time to think it over I probably know the reason why. Watch first base closely and you will probably figure it out too. And the same applies to the steal down to second, and quite frequently to the double play.

Take the steal. The catcher's peg gets down there first, the tag is on, and the umpire's right fist makes the short pumping motion that means out. Yet the chances are excellent the man was not out. The umpire knows it, the second baseman knows it, even the runner knows it—but does not, for reasons I will get to in a second, protest.

For "tag" in this instance is a misnomer for the tagging motion. The rules state that the ball must make contact with the sliding runner. Common sense states that it had better not.

Similarly, in the case of the double play, the rule book has it that the baseman must be on the base and in possession of the ball simultaneously to effect the force at second. But if you think umpires always insist on strict compliance with this regulation, you must suspect us of a sadistic streak even

baser than the one you accord us as a matter of course. Because the rule book, although fundamentally an admirable document, offers no provision for the first baseman who, as a conse-

quence of his thorough lawfulness, has his foot maimed by descending spikes. Nor does it make mention of what or how often the wife and children of the shortstop (or second baseman) eat

THE AUTHOR, RECENTLY RECALLED TO DUTY IN PACIFIC COAST LEAGUE, TAKES TO FIELD



while he hobbles around on severed tendons.

Umpiring is by its very nature an arbitrary and dictatorial calling. An umpire is 1) right, 2) the boss. In fact, it can't very well be any other way. But within this seemingly inflexible framework there are certain tacit agreements that, while they may upset the purists, are no more than practical applications of mercy and reason to justice. Thus, while it may be so that seven out of 10 out calls on close plays at first or second are miscalls, the umpires are morally without flaw. That is to say that the ball *did* beat the runner, which is the point the rule makers had principally in mind in the first place, and the baseman still is saved inestimable wear and tear.

Of course, if there is a flagrant violation of the letter of the law, if the first baseman meets the throw halfway to the pitcher's box or the man covering second elects to make no production whatever of his tag, that's different. A safe call is mandatory then. To my mind anyway, there must be a strong approximation of reality. If a player dogs his role in the ballet, he has waived his right to what I would call decent negligence on our part.

AN ACT OF NEGLIGENCE

It is on negligent acting, incidentally, that you get a rhubarb from the runner. I imagine each of you has at least once had the experience of watching a runner slide under a tag, yet accept the out verdict without a word. Perhaps you don't know why. How is it, you may ask, that this fireball who'll climb down an umpire's throat over a questionable slide strike will still decline to make an issue over a tag that missed him by six inches.

The answer lies in the key word to all good and fair umpiring, and that word is "consistency." Consistency cannot be overemphasized. The point is that the base runner who is out even though he is safe knows that he is only complying with and being obedient to a code that ministers equally to all. In the next half inning, the very same call may be made on a rival, who will accept it with the same docility. If these unwritten and, except within scheming walls, unspoken understandings did not exist, legs and ankles would be chewed up within days. The fault, if fault there is, lies not with players or umpires but with the rules—or the assumption that these must be interpreted with hair-splitting exactness. Fortunately that assumption no longer

continued on next page

BAD YEAR FOR THE UMPIRES



IN GRIM COUNCIL, GIANT MANAGER REGIEY (C) PROTESTS CALL IN ST. LOUIS

IT HAS BEEN A HARD YEAR for umpires in the National League. While few of the rhubarbs originated over the "decently negligent" calls described here by Umpire Stratton, there nevertheless have been some striking imbroglios. For example:

IN ST. LOUIS: Perhaps the season's worst call came in a Cardinals-Giants game on July 13 when two umpires differed on a line drive hit to a Giant outfielder. One ruled it was caught. In the same instant another ump ruled it wasn't. Confusion settled on the field. A hasty conference ruled it a base hit. The Giants were horrified. A second hasty conference ruled the ball was trapped. Virtually nobody went away happy.

IN BROOKLYN: First Baseman Rocky Nelson reached into the stands on June 16 for an easy catch of a foul ball. First Base Umpire Lee Ballanfant ruled the ball was caught. Milwaukee protested. The plate umpire conferred with Ballanfant and the decision was reversed. . . .

IN PITTSBURGH: During a four-game series between the Pirates and the Giants at the end of June a record of sorts was established for rhubarbs and player ejections. Each umpire threw out at least one player. The final count: four Giants and two Pirates. . . .

IN NEW YORK: Umpire Stan Landes set the season's peak for mass removals on May 21. When he was unable to locate the player needing him all afternoon, Landes cleared the entire Cardinal bench of everyone except two coaches and the bat boy. . . .

IN CHICAGO: The usually mild-mannered Robin Roberts was thrown out of a game for the first time in his nine-year major league career on June 8. . . .

The rhubarb situation reached a kind of a peak a week ago when Cardinal General Manager Frank Lane cried out, as one of his players was being chased from a game, "I say that umpire should pay his way into a ball park." Unmoved by such insinuations, National League President Warren Giles has offered a simple explanation for all the fuss. "Of course there have been more player ejections this year. Every strike, every ball means more because of the tightness of the race. The umpires are more tense and so are the players. History shows that there are more ejections at times like these."

UMPIRES EVER WRONG?

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exists. Call it what you will, winking at transgression or turning one's back on a niggling larceny, it works the same for both sides.

I have never known a dishonest or a prejudiced umpire or one who would make a deliberate miscall. But assuredly I have never known one so infatuated with a rule book that he'd see another man potentially crippled rather than compromise with Paragraph X, Clause So-and-So.

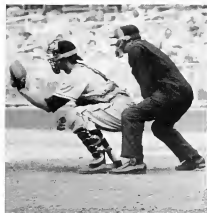
Umpires often are asked why players or managers will launch and sustain

On the whole, Durocher is wrong. None but a weak umpire would permit himself to be influenced by a distaste for trouble. And a weak umpire does not belong in baseball.

The truth is, an umpire who can't control his game shouldn't be arbitrating it. The weapons to do so are his, particularly that of final judgment. His is the weapon of ejection. If the player won't leave when ordered, there is the weapon of fine. Unfortunately for our job, the club pays most of the fines these days—which makes the rumbler braver and more stubborn than he might otherwise be. The umpire's final recourse is to forfeit the

should be so, and I can only answer: How else could it be? The cold necessity is that if you pull a boner, you go down with it. As it has to every umpire, it has happened to me on occasion that I've snapped out a decision that I regretted a moment later. But you cannot reverse. For one thing, it would damn you as a vacillating umpire and make you a target of every congenial malcontent in the league. For another, time can be depended on to erase your error. And for a third, the game of baseball has become slow enough as it is without dragging it still more by "equitable bickering."

Like most umpires, I would like to



TAKING TRADITIONAL STANCES, UMPIRE STRATTON WORKS PACIFIC COAST LEAGUE GAMES ON BASE PATHS (LEFT) AND BEHIND THE PLATE

so many rhubarbs when tradition tells them clearly that we won't reverse the call. There can be several reasons. One is honest rage, with nothing rational behind it. Another is its inverse: a cold plotting behind a mask of indignation. I have known more than one manager who purposely got himself tossed out of a game in order to use it later as a leverage on his club, the point being that he is giving his all for victory. A few chronic beefers in the player ranks are just naturally bad customers; one or two are on the edge of being psychopathic.

I once asked Leo Durocher, the most celebrated rumbler of them all, why he wasted the time, appealing that from which there was no appeal.

"You really want to know?" he said. "I'm not looking for *that* call. I'm looking for the next one."

game, but one who does that has all but declared himself unable to cope with his responsibility and is sure to be in trouble.

The query most frequently put to an umpire is: "Tell the truth, pal—aren't you ever wrong?" And the best answer to it I've ever heard came from a veteran of the major leagues.

"Sure," he said. "Maybe a hundred times, maybe a thousand—but never in my heart."

In umpire circles, the flippant saying is: "You're entitled to an even dozen errors. Then you start your second dozen." And Jack Powell, supervisor of PCL umpires, has said: "There was only one Man in the world Who was perfect, and they crucified Him."

If pressed, I would put it this way: an umpire may be wrong, but he's never mistaken. You ask me why this

see a definitive rule cutting down the time consumed by aimless rhubarbs. I would like to see the rule governing the time elapsed between pitches enforced more often than it is. And, above all, I would like to see the burden taken off what the book refers to as "in the opinion of the umpire." The umpire has enough to do without having to impose his opinion on situations that should be clearly prescribed.

The infield fly is a good case in point. No one has yet satisfactorily defined the infield fly. An umpire's rule of thumb is that if the ball is popped far enough so that the defending infielder has to turn his back to get it, then it's not an infield fly but in outfield province. I personally accept this, but with the added proviso that if the infielder, without turning away, still backs up

continued on page 28



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MAN IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT

by JEREMIAH TAX

Billy Haughton is a businessman-athlete whose winning ways in a sulky bring him trotting's top rating and \$100,000 a year

TAKE A GOOD LOOK at Billy Haughton, the sober, solid young man on the opposite page; there may never be another like him. At 32, he is the owner, manager, trainer and driver of the largest (98 trotters and pacers) and winningest public stable in harness racing history.

In Thoroughbred racing, a Whitney may own the horse, a Fitzsimmons may train him and an Arcaro may ride him. Haughton does all three, and does them superbly well. For three straight years his horses have won more races than those of any other stable. For four straight years he has won more money than any other driver. In five years his horses have won nearly \$2,500,000 in purses. And the sport of trotting is growing so fast that it may never again be possible for one man to match his achievements.

The accomplishments of Billy Haughton the man, apart from the athlete, are equally impressive and satisfying. In a sport which has had somewhat more than its share of scandal and squabbles in recent years and which is still fighting a deep-rooted skepticism in metropolitan areas regarding its total purity, he has been a shining example of clean and colorful competition. Haughton began his career as a \$7-a-week groom. Today, at the pinnacle of trotting, he is held in as high respect and affection as a person by fellow sportsmen as he is as a horseman—which is saying a great deal. The spacious Haughton home on Lake Maitland near Orlando, Florida is a gathering place for horsemen who bring their stock South for winter training. He is currently building another home on two of Brookville, Long Island's loveliest acres, where the newest Haughton (due next March) will join Billy Jr., 3½, and Peter, 22 months, two apple-cheeked, blond and blue-eyed charmers. And then there is Mrs. Haughton. Since Ernie Vandeweghe quit basketball (Mrs. Vandeweghe is the former Miss America, Kay Hutchins) Dorothy Haughton may be the most beautiful wife of any athlete in the country (see page 64).

In horse racing, it is impossible to achieve unanimity of opinion on what makes a great driver or jockey. Some swear by a vague something called "racing luck"; some insist the good horse makes the driver; others stand on judgment or experience or a properly trained colt. All, however, agree on the key importance of one particular element: the ability to make quick, correct decisions in the heat of competition or, as horsemen put it, knowing when to make your move. Anyone who has watched with an understand-

ing eye as Billy Haughton makes his moves during a race will know what this means. For those who haven't, it is almost impossible to explain without a slow-motion moving picture of the race. But it is possible to illustrate Haughton's quick appreciation of the proper moment for decision—his sense of timing and evaluation—in another sphere, one easily familiar to all.

Billy was making his first strong bid for driving honors back in 1951 (he finished second to Johnny Simpson that year) at Yonkers Raceway in New York. One of the track's patrol judges, an oldtime horseman named Whitney Bischoff, took an immediate liking to the newcomer and invited him home to dinner. At the dinner table in Chappaqua, New York, Haughton met 19-year-old Dorothy Bischoff. Says Dorothy, "I was sort of engaged to another boy at the time. He was very nice, but he didn't know anything about horses, and maybe that's why Daddy wasn't sure about him. Anyway, here was Billy, and before he left that night, we had a date for later in the week."

On that date—their first—Haughton made his decision. "I remember," Dorothy says, "that Billy was talking about leaving soon for Florida for winter training and I said I'd always wished I could go along on one of those trips. In a real quiet voice Billy said, 'You can,' and that was it. When he later asked my father if he could marry me, I was afraid for a minute that Daddy was going to cheer."

The Haughtons' one-week honeymoon in Bermuda was a busman's holiday. Every day they hired saddle horses and rode to the island's trotting track where they watched the races all afternoon. It was, incidentally, the only vacation they have had from Billy's job in the five years since. For a barnes owner-trainer-driver's life is a full one, a 16-hour-a-day, 6-day-a-week job in season, and only slightly easier in winter.

Haughton is up before 7 o'clock every morning. From 8 till past noon, he trains his horses at the track, tedious painstaking work with trotters and pacers which calls for patient attention to shoeing, balance, pace and gait, in addition to general conditioning. Most of the afternoon is taken up with the office routine of running a large stable; arranging for shipment of horses to tracks around the country and their stakes payments so they can race; the billing for feed, shoeing and harness; consultations with vets about

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TRAVESTY IN TIJUANA

When a border impresario matched two female bullfighters, Mexico City Bureau Chief Richard Oulahan Jr. and Critic Rafael Delgado Lozano, who earlier covered the great mano a mano at Maracay (SI, March 12), went north to observe it. Their verdict: "Disgusting and disgraceful"

by RAFAEL DELGADO LOZANO

BULLFIGHTING is an art form, ancient and stylized, that defies feminine intrusion. Women somehow seem not made to mold themselves in plastic grace with a bull. Also, when the bull charges, most women tend to lose their sense of serenity.

In the border town of Tijuana last week these old truths were restated with revolting embellishments. Brave bulls which had been subjected to barbaric cruelties in the night were humiliated in the afternoon by two awkward

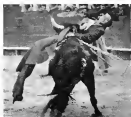
killer bulls in Mexican bull rings. One, Patricia McCormick, a small but determined former art student from Big Springs, Texas, had already killed more than 100 bulls and suffered one serious goring (SI, Sept. 14, '64). The other, Bette Ford, a slim and pretty onetime model from McKeesport, Pa., had killed 53 bulls. Don Enrique wanted to sign them for a *mano a mano* (band to band) contest to decide which was best.

Don Enrique got the two tempera-

were shipped to Tijuana from the Zolotucha ranch for the *mano a mano*.

It was quite obvious what the pretty Patricia and the wily Zángano were trying to do. They were determined to end Bette's pestiferous competition by forcing her to face bulls bigger than her skills and thus frighten her away.

But fear works two ways. When Patricia arrived in Tijuana by plane from Mexico City, there were big blue circles under her eyes and she was very nervous. "This will be a good fight be-



FAT MCCORMICK TRIES AWKWARDLY FOR KILL, SOON FINDS SELF ON DEFENSE, BUT AVERTS SERIOUS HARM BY GRABBING BULL BY HORNS

and frightened females. Sick as they were, the bulls repeatedly bucked the girls and sent them cartwheeling through the air and crunching on the ground. When it was over, the impresario who had staged the fight, Señor Enrique Jordá, penitently characterized it "a nauseating exhibition." And yet, up to the moment that the trumpet called in the first bull and the disaster began, this bullfight had fascinated all Mexico and much of Southern California.

In the beginning Don Enrique, the Tijuana bull-ring owner, had nothing more ambitious in mind than a pleasant Sunday afternoon of hush-league bullfighting. Together with many in Mexico, he was amused by the fact that two North American girls had been

mental matadors and their managers together in his Mexico City office. Patricia and her manager, Francisco (Zángano) Gómez promptly agreed to the *mano a mano*, but on one condition—the bulls would not be the small and relatively safe bulls usually served up to women bullfighters, but big, 340-kilo (750-pound) killer bulls, the kind real bullfighters fight.

There was nothing for Bette and her manager Juan Bilbao to do but sit with tight lips while impresario Jordá fought their fight for them. "What do you want?" he screamed at Patricia. "Do you want the Americans to call me a murderer?" What Patricia wanted, clearly enough, was Bette's ears and tail, and she stood her ground and she won; four big, grain-fed killer bulls

cause of the contract conditions," she promised. These are serious bulls. After that, Zángano refused to let her talk more, lest she be upset. Meanwhile perky Bette was taking a hoity-toity attitude toward the customers. "I don't like this fight because of the audience," she said. "These American tourists don't know bullfighting. They don't know how to see a bullfight." This, of course, just isn't so. Thousands of Americans, rolling to Tijuana and other border bull rings every Sunday, are experienced aficionados who know very well just what they are seeing.

And so did Zángano Gómez. As soon as he had seen his matadora safely checked in at her hotel, he hurried out to the bull ring for a look around. What he saw there sent him bustling

in frothing anger to find Señor Enrique Jordá. Manager Bilbao and the whole Ford team of assistant bullfighters were out there, he cried, armed with saws, files, ropes and curious two-pound sacks. They were shaving the horns of the bulls, weakening them by feeding them huge doses of laxatives and beating at their kidneys with sacks half full of sand. Señor Enrique ordered the Ford team to leave the bulls alone.

Sunday morning when the managers gathered to draw lots to see which bullfighter would fight what bull, Zángano discovered Don Enrique's order had not been obeyed. The horns of the Zetolusa bulls had been carefully filed. Their mossy green rumps indicated that they were suffering from drug-induced diarrhea and their flanks showed the evidence of the beating they had taken. Bette Ford, in a chic pink linen dress and with white earrings, turned up to look at the bulls (a rare thing for a bullfighter to do). She did not seem surprised at the condition of the bulls.

But Zángano had a surprise of his own for the Ford *cuadrilla*. In addition

THE MOMENT OF TRUTH

After the Tijuana travesty *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* Oulahan and Delgado attended a party given by Miss Ford at a downtown hotel, Oulahan wired this account of her brief encounter with forthright Purist Delgado:

"How was it?" Miss Ford asked Rafael. 'You were both terrible,' Delgado replied. Miss Ford laughed and said, 'Don't you think we should have another *moro a pases*?' 'Sure,' Delgado muttered, 'sure, with your grandmother.'"

cause of the assault the night before probably was down to something like 300 kilos. Bette stood before it, opened her cape, and the bull promptly took the cape away on its horns. The picadors came into the ring and were roundly booed. Taking the bull away from the horse, Bette made two clumsy *chicuelinas*, trying to tuck the bull around her back, and the bull, weakened by all it had been through, fell to the sands. However, it got up again.

After the second pic-ing it was Patricia's turn to take the bull away from

to stab the animal, failing each time. From the stands a sailor shouted, "How about a gun, Bette?" Her *cuadrilla* worked frantically with their capes, running the bull this way and that to make it dizzy. On the fourth thrust, Bette killed a well-mangled bull.

The second bull, Jibonito, brought the one bit of light in a dark afternoon. Patricia received him with a series of three *verónicas* that won her some *olés*. Once she had the muleta in hand, Patricia again pleased the crowd. She passed the bull four times from a kneeling position, followed this with four acceptable right-hand passes, then went back to her knees, where she was brave but not very graceful. Exchanging her wooden sword for a real one, she missed her first try for a kill, then succeeded cleanly.

The crowd granted her one ear, and she circled the ring twice. She was pelted with flowers, and someone handed her a winekin for a victor's drink.

The afternoon should have ended right there. Bette received the third bull, Solito, with two *verónicas*, losing her cape on the bull's horns each time. With each passing moment she seemed



ON RESJUDGED PASS, BETTE FORD IS TOSSED BY BULL, WATCHES RUFULLY AS HE RETREATS. EARLIER SHE MAKES UNDERTHOUGHT DASH TO SAFETY

to the regular bulls, he had ready a big, strapping, untouched bull from the Carlos Cuevas ranch which, he said, Patricia would fight separately to show her skills. This surprise was to come within inches of killing Patricia.

Meanwhile, the matadors at their hotels began preparing for the afternoon. Although Patricia is a Catholic and Bette is not, both girls prepared little altars in their rooms and prayed before them. Both emerged looking splendid. Both wore *trajes cowpuros* (Andalusian cowboy suits), Patricia's in tobacco brown and Bette's in crimson. Pale and preoccupied, they marched before a capacity audience of 9,000 and the test was on.

The first bull, Aguilucho, had an announced weight of 341 kilos, but be-

cause of the assault the night before probably was down to something like 300 kilos. Bette stood before it, opened her cape, and the bull promptly took the cape away on its horns. The picadors came into the ring and were roundly booed. Taking the bull away from the horse, Bette made two clumsy *chicuelinas*, trying to tuck the bull around her back, and the bull, weakened by all it had been through, fell to the sands. However, it got up again.

After the second pic-ing it was Patricia's turn to take the bull away from the horse with fancy capework. She tried a whirling *pasosera*, a pass in which the matador, just after the bull passes his legs, flares the cape over his head to his back. Unfortunately she flared too soon and the bull hooked a horn behind her leg and sent her sprawling onto the sand. Getting up, furious and screaming, she tried the pass three more times, completing each safely.

When the trumpet called for the kill, Bette received her sword and muleta from Manager Bilbao plus instructions to tire the bull further with high passes, forcing him to strain for a high fluttering muleta. She tried one pass and then the bull took over. It chased her around the ring in a scene straight from a Keystone comedy. Three times she tried

less sure of herself. Neither lady bullfighter performed anything important in taking the bull away from the picadors' horses, and with the muleta Bette went immediately to her knees in imitation of Patricia. The bull charged, she timed her muleta movement badly, and the bull caught her and tossed her into the air. Unhurt, Bette got up, made another pass and again missed her muleta timing. She seemed helpless. The bull caught her again and tossed her into the air, and she came down on her head. Along about here, Bette decided she had had enough. She began to move about as if she were fainting, holding one shoulder. The bull charged, expertly she side-stepped, then began weaving about again. Again the bull

continued on next page

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With each entry, enclose a box top from a specified Johnson & Johnson Athletic Product (see rules.)

Johnson & Johnson

TRAVESTY IN TIJUANA

continued from page 53

charged, again she neatly avoided its rush, then resumed staggering.

From the stands men shouted, "Take her out. The girl is hurt." Gracefully Bette yielded to popular demand while the real aficionados in the plaza held their heads in despair. Here was a good bull, a bull with which a good bullfighter might have had a great afternoon, going to waste on a panicky actress. For a moment Solito stood alone and triumphant in the plaza, and then Patricia came to kill him. She stabbed him five times, made hamburger of his back. This bull should have had better luck and fallen to a real bullfighter. Finally, on the sixth gory thrust, Solito went to bull heaven.

For her fourth bull, Patricia called for her unrelaxed and unbested Cuevas entry rather than the last of the well-battered Zolotueva ranch bulls. It roared into the sunlight—355 kilos of big, black danger. From the first moment it was obvious that it was too much bull for Patricia, and she played it with the greatest caution. There was no decorative capework in taking the bull away from the picadors' horses, although the old pros standing about put in three good pairs of banderillas. With the moleta, Patricia received the bull once with an *crucifixa*, a very dangerous "pendulum" pass in which the cloth is being moved back and forth behind the legs of the profiled bullfighter.

Then, trying to end this struggle, she came very close to death herself. Going in over the bull's horns to kill, her muleta movement was badly timed, the bull lost sight of the cloth, and, lifting its head, drove straight for her heart. By a miracle she managed to grab the horn and deflect its course, but even so it slashed through her white shirt and brassiere and she was tossed into the air. Badly frightened, she returned to the bull to make three more cautious thrusts and then shamelessly assassinate it with a *bofetazo*, a low and unfair blow through the bull's side.

It was a disgraceful performance. Patricia all but admitted it. Downtown afterwards she sighed, "Well, my mother has an old Welsh saying, 'If it had been better it would have been good.'"

This same *seño* had proved once again that woman's place is not in the bull ring. The only one who benefited was the beaten-up Zolotueva ranch bull whose place was taken by the Cuevas bull. That bull will never know what a horrible fate he escaped. (C.R.)

SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Peter Gimbel, skin-diving coach of Department Store Executive Bernard Gimbel, was one of first to locate sunken Andrea Doria in 250 feet of water (see page 37) off Nantucket, Mass.; reported ship "almost alive ... and still bubbling."



Mrs. Elizabeth Luss, the former wife of Turfman John Hay Whitney and owner of Llangollen Farm, hit jackpot with Minter Gus, who came out from behind Swaps's shadow to win \$97,960 in rich (\$154,890) Arlington Handicap.

RECORD BREAKERS

Jockey Willie Shoemaker, told by Trainer Meebach Tenney to "go as slow as you can as far as you can," responded with tight hold on **Swaps** but couldn't keep fabulous 4-year-old from tearing off mile and five-eighths in 2:38 1/5 for new world record (his fourth this year) while winning \$110,500 Sunset Handicap by 4 1/2 lengths at Hollywood Park (July 25). Said Shoemaker: "Just say it was another Swaps race."

Howdy Baby, Clifford Moores' dark bay filly netted too long out of claiming ranks, carried Jockey Willie Hartack over mile-and-sixteenth on turf in 1:41 4/5, clipping three-fifths of second off world mark at Arlington Park, Ill. (July 24).

Galapagos, 4-year-old brown high-stepper beaten nine straight times by Scott Frost last year, made up for it all when he beat off old conqueror, pushed his snout in front at wire in 2:08 1/5, new world record for mile trot on half-mile track, at Roosevelt Raceway (July 27).

Bill Yozyk, 25-year-old pre-med student from Northampton, Mass., was at his best in national AAU championships at Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio (July 27-29), setting two U.S. long-course records as male swimmers warmed up for Olympic trials. Yozyk's marks: 200-meter butterfly in 2:24.3; 400-meter individual medley in 5:18. Other U.S. long-course record breakers: Bill Woolsey of Hawaii, who thrashed 200-meter freestyle in 2:06.6; Michigan's Dick Hanley, who churned 100-meter freestyle in 56.3.

Women sprinters broke into record-breaking act in Russia and Germany as four new world marks were claimed. Russia's Vera Knapunka, O. Kosheleva, Maria Iukina and Irina Bockkareva, tuning up for Spartakiade, dashed off 400-meter relay in 45.2 at Kiev (July 27). East Germany quartet of Henning, Strubelck, Koehler and Meyer were clocked in 45.8 for 440-yard relay and 1:36.4 for 880-yard relay at Rostock (July 29). Zenta Gantl, 25-year-old Munich schoolteacher, skinned over 80-meter hurdles in 16.5 at Cologne (July 29).

University of British Columbia scullers dominated Olympic trials at Port Dalhousie, Ont., won right to represent Canada at Melbourne. Eight-oared crew stroked 2,600-meter course in 5:49.6 to break world standard; four-oared boat was timed in 6:23.1, nearly 13 seconds faster than present Olympic mark (July 24).

Harry Bickford, Hampton, Va., speedboat racer, zoomed his Class E service runabout **Skip E** over man-made Bugs Island Lake at 58.729 mph to set world record at Clarksville, Va. (July 29).

BASEBALL

Brooklyn hopes began to stir as Dodgers got good pitching from Don Newcombe, Sal Maglie, Carl Erskine and Roger Craig, long-distance hitting from Duke Snider, won eight straight victories, including three-game sweep over Cincinnati, before losing to Chicago 4-2. Surge moved Dodgers within four games of pace-setting Milwaukee (who dropped two to Philadelphia)

in National League, only game-and-half behind Cincinnati, who recovered to take four in row from Pittsburgh.

New York, moving ever closer to American League pennant, won two out of three from slugging Chicago, added another three over last-place Kansas City as Bill Showron found range, clubbed five home runs in three games. Cleveland pitching perked up, led Indians to seven straight victories before loss to Baltimore ended streak, but Yankees were still nine games ahead at week's end. Boston moseyed along in third place, 12 1/2 games off pace.

BOXING

Archie Moore, aging but far from creaking light heavyweight champion and No. 1-ranked heavyweight, toyed with Hossein Bill Daly's willing but inept "challenger," James J. Parker, produced enough blood to win by TKO in ninth round for tongue-in-cheek version of "world heavyweight title" at Toronto (see page 48).

HARNESS RACING

Billy Haughton, harness racing's busiest driver-trainer and three-time driving champion (see page 40), scored unique triple at Vernon Downs, N.Y.: three two-minute miles on same Grand Circuit card. Haughton hustled Duane Hanover to 1:58 4/5 and 1:58 2/5 clockings to win fourth leg of \$20,000 Empire State Pacing Classic, also drove Belle Acton to world record-tying 1:59 (for 3-year-old pacing fillies) in \$5,968 Flora Temple Stakes.

FOCUS ON THE DEED



THE THIRD MAN holds off aging Archie Moore and moves in to save bloody James J. Parker from further punishment in 9th round of "world heavyweight championship" bout at Toronto.



AMID THE HAPPY THROG, smiling Major George Twine is "chafed" from range after winning Queen's Prize for the second time in National Rifle Championships at Bisley, England.

SCOREBOARD



Roger Walkowiak, kinky-haired young Frenchman who had never before won big race, pedaled furiously into Paris' Parc des Princes stadium to capture 24-day 2,800-mile Tour de France after setting average speed record of 22.68 mph.



Nir Geib, Chicago musical-instrument casemaker, cleverly skipped his Class D Fleetwood through heavy weather to win 333-mile run from Chicago to Mackinac Island, "world's longest race on drinking water," on corrected time.



Ted Allen, expert ringmaster from Boulder, Col., wound up marathon final round by outwirling able Don Titcomb of Sunnyvale, Calif. to capture world horseshoe pitching championship for the seventh time at Murray, Utah.

TENNIS

Tam Richardson and **Herb Flam**, the latter fresh from win over **Eddie Moylan** for national clay courts title at Chicago (where **Shirley Fry** beat **Althea Gibson** for women's crown), won straight victories over Canada's **Don Fontana** and **Bob Bedard** to get U.S. off to 2-0 lead in Davis Cup American Zone semifinal at Victoria, B.C.; but it was pair of up-and-coming youngsters who clinched match and raised hopes for future. Brooklyn's 18-year-old **Ron Holmberg** and Dayton's 20-year-old **Barry MacKay**, trailing after third set, came back to beat seasoned **Fontana** and **Bedard** in doubles. Next day, **Richardson** beat **Bedard** but Canada's **Paul Wiley** outlasted **MacKay**, and Americans won 4-1.

BOATING

Buffalo Westside craftsmen stroked off with six events, piled up whopping 264½ points to take team title in Royal Canadian Henley at Port Dalhousie, Ont.

AUTO RACING

Sealand's Ron Flockhart and Ninian Sanderson teamed up in privately owned D Jaguar to cover 2,566 miles over rain-slick 8.4-mile asphalt course for victory in accident-marred 24-hour Le Mans Grand Prix Endurance race (see page 41).

HORSE RACING

Mrs. Vernon G. Cardy's Levee, held off early pace by Jerkey Hedley Woodhouse, came up in final furlong to outthrust Triple

Jay and win \$56,600 Monmouth Oaks by length and half in 1:48 4/5, fastest ever for mile-and-eighth at Monmouth Park, N.J.

Riley, Greentree Stable's bay 3-year-old colt, responded neatly to Ted Atkinson's urging in stretch, charged through on outside to take winner's share of \$30,400 in \$44,960 Dwyer Handicap at Jamaica, N.Y.

RODEO

Ike Rude, grizzled 63-year-old cowboy from Brawley, Calif. who has been at it since 1910, showed he has lost none of his skill as he took steer-roping championship at Cheyenne Frontier Days.

GOLF

Jackie Burke, curly-topped young pro who scored his first big win in 1936 Masters, turned tide with birdie 2 on 35th hole (see below), went on to beat dead-panned Ted Kroll 3 and 2 for PCA title at Blue Hill Club, Canton, Mass.

Mrs. Kathy Cornelius, petite 23-year-old mother, used her unorthodox swing and hot chipping iron for 1 over par 75 to overcome pretty Amateur Barbara McIntire by seven strokes in 18-hole playoff for women's national open championship at Duluth, Minn. (see page 16).

MILEPOST

ness—Harry Mendel, 63, veteran IBC publicist, actively associated with boxing for 40 years as sportswriter and promoter, once nation's leading 6-day bicycle racing promoter, of heart attack, at Orange, N.J.

FOR THE RECORD

FOR
SPECIAL ADVERTISING

WATER BUG II piloted by Sam Guasco, Detroit, 30 m. Marine Trophy Derby with 68 1/2-mph avg. speed, Louisville, Ky.

FRANK HAVENS, Washington Canoe Club, U.S. 91 single-blade canoe race, Philadelphia

GOING

JOEY DIARIELLO, 10-round decision over Frank Souza, middleweight, Milwaukee
RICHIE PLUMLEY, 10-round decision over Chico Vejar, middleweight, Los Angeles
ISAAC LOGGART, 10-round decision over Jed Black, welterweight, Chicago
DANNY GIOVANELLI, second-round TKO over Eddie Parrish, welterweight, New York
FLASH ELIZAB, 10-round decision over Darryl Gelfondo, featherweight, San Jose, Calif.

CHPLS

ARTUR B. BASQUIN, New York, net open championship, with 8½-2½ score, Oklahoma City

GOLF

ARNOLD WINNER, Littleton, Pa., Eastern Open, with 272 for 72 holes, Baltimore
CHARLES BOSWELL, Birmingham, Ala., red blind golfers title, with 287 for 36 holes (new record), Chicago
ECON F. QUATTNER, Sydel, Pa., red golf title, with 34, Delmar, France team (champion) France

HORSE RACING

CELEST, \$ 2 575 Arlington Midway Handicap, 1 m., by
 Celest, in 1:36 4/5, Arlington Park, St. James Bloodstock Co.
 KING PARRAN \$24,625 Great American Stakes, 5/5 f.,
 by L.H. lengths, in 1:04 2/5, Jamaica N.Y. Eddie
 Aronson up
 GREEK SPY \$24,500 Liverpoolshire Handicap, 1 1/4
 m., by 4 1/2 lengths, Monmouth Pk., N.J. Eric Quisen up

SWIMMING

KATHY DROOKS and GRETCHEN LECHNER, *Beach, Ohio Fall AND 1/ outdoor synchronized dual DOL, Bees*

THEMATIC

ALTHEA GIBSON, New York over Mrs Margaret Osbourne DeFont, 5-1, 4-4, women's singles title.



BOOY ENGLISH by Jackie Burke helps putt drop on 25th hole for lead over Ted Kroll in PCA.



CASEY AT THE DAIS draws a hearty chuckle from former President Harry Truman (left) during 96th birthday party for Stengel at Kansas City.



ROYAL SMILE greets America's Billy Steinkraus as he gets trophy from Queen Elizabeth for horse jumping at London.

TIP FROM THE TOP



for golfers of
all handicaps

from PHIL PERKINS, Highland Park Golf Club, Cleveland

I would like to recommend a safe and simple technique for exploding out of traps. It is primarily a right-hand shot, and these are the key points to observe. The ball is played off the left heel. The blade is open. The left hand is turned well to the left on the shaft, with no knuckles showing. The backswing is upright, with a quick and full cock of the wrists. The downswing speed of the club head governs the distance you want the ball to carry. The bottom edge of the blade is aimed at a spot one inch behind the ball. You must be sure to stay down throughout the shot and to hit against a straight, nonturning left arm and hand as you cut through the sand under the ball.

Now here is the particular refinement I want to bring out. As it reaches the point just over the ball, the left hand slackens its forward motion, sort of "brakes" itself, but the right hand pushes through at normal speed. The "braking" of the left hand and the push through of the right cause the left hand to be forced open. Don't let this worry you. It is exactly the action we want. In other words, the heel of the left hand releases its grip on the club so that only the fingers of the left hand (and the full right hand) have hold of the club. The nice flicking motion this produces brings the ball out in a floating flight that has very little roll.



"Braking" left arm forces heel
of the left hand off the shaft

NEXT WEEK'S PRO: BUD HOLSCHER ON THE BODY TURN

Bean's Free Fall Catalog

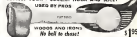
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STUMP JUMPERS

Michigan marathoners dodge hull-tearing snags in 50-mph outboard test

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN G. SINNERMAN

ON AUG. 5 nearly 300 stock outboard runabouts will wind up their snarling engines and take off across Mullett Lake (below) for the eighth running of the wide-open Top O' Michigan Marathon. Some of the drivers have spent months getting their boats ready for the 87-mile test; but statistics of past races give them less than a 50-50 chance of getting through the submerged stumps and right-angle turns that mark the course. Last year, for example, only 70 of 260 starters made it to the finish line.

These disheartening figures seem to have no effect on the marathoners except to bring them back year after year for more of the same, not only in Michigan but also in Miami, Vicksburg, Miss., Stockton, Calif. and Sammamish, Wash., to name only a few of the 50 towns where major marathons are held each year. Unlike conventional outboard racers, who fight it out over a fixed course on open water, the

marathoners compete on any body of water big enough to float a boat. In Miami they head up the Inland Waterway to West Palm Beach. In Bermuda there is a marathon that runs through the surf around the island. And then there are the kind like Sammamish and Top O' Michigan, where the course winds through shallow swamps and meadow creeks. Glenn (Skip) Forcier, whose runabout D-13M (right) has more than once coaxed out on the engine-tearing marathon turns, holds one particularly vivid memory of the Top O' Michigan. "There's a stump field about a mile long in the Cheboygan River," he remembers. "There's a channel but it's poorly marked. Most of the guys try to go outside the channel and through the stumps. You can save about half a mile if you make it. But you can really get hung up on those stumps. I've seen a guy sitting on top of a stump that had come right up through the bottom of his boat."



HEADED OUT from starting line, marathoners dart across Mullett Lake in tight formation as they bear down on dangerous stump field in Cheboygan River at head of lake.

KNOCKED OUT of race by dead engine, Ray Lenk of Detroit consoles himself by lighting up cigaret as speeding rival stands boat on edge to make U-turn at Devil's Elbow.





TWO-WAY TRAFFIC at bend in Crooked River finds slow boat (top left) heading for half-way mark meeting leaders on way back. Submerged stumps that can rip out a boat's bottom often squeeze racers close together as they slam past each other in narrow channel.

One driver died on the rain-slick course, but
for the victorious Jaguar team Le Mans was a

SCOTCH HIGHBALL

LE MANS, FRANCE

THERE WAS a hard, bitter, cold rain whipping across western France. Around Le Mans's 8.36-mile track, where the famed 24-hour Grand Prix of Endurance has excited automobile fans almost every penultimate year since 1923, a drenched crowd watched eagerly as mechanics pushed 49 sports cars into starting positions.

High up in the press box, French Reporter Olivier Merlin looked down on the scene and philosophized, "There's

more fatal accidents occurred on the lopsided rectangle.

But decades of good fortune were washed away in blood last year. At first, French officials were paralyzed. Then, after months of study, they borrowed 300 million francs and set to work. They widened critical roadway, created a long "deceleration zone" into renovated pits, built signal stations out on the course and beefed up barriers for spectator protection. More important, they altered the rules. Drastic



SCOTCH-OWNED & JAGUAR, THE EVENTUAL WINNER, LEADS ASTON-MARTIN AFTER FIRST LAP

a reassuring thing about the world of sport. Life always takes its revenge on death."

That summed up the odd sensation of being back at Le Mans. On a similar Saturday afternoon little more than a year ago, from the same vantage point, I saw Pierre Levegh's Mercedes erupt in a sheet of flame and flying metal that killed 83 spectators. Now there are two reminders of the catastrophe: a black marble plaque engraved with a cross and the date of the disaster, and a refurbished track.

Last year's tragedy had been a one-in-a-million fluke. There had been plenty of thrills and spills but relatively few deaths in Le Mans history. In 16 races before the war, only three drivers were killed. Since competition was resumed in 1949 and until last year, three

new fuel consumption regulations were effected and, to reduce spiraling speeds, prototype cars over 2.5 liters piston displacement were eliminated. This, in effect, made Britain's 3.5-liter D Jaguars heavy favorites, since they were the only first-rate big-engined make able to squeak into the production category. Gone were the big Italian cars.

But there was still an imposing array, headed by three factory and two private D Jaguars and extending down in size to tiny DBs and Stanguellinis.

For the big cars, the big worry was gas consumption. Britain's Stirling Moss was concerned about his thirsty Aston-Martin, and Jean Behra, a Talbot driver, was frankly perplexed. He shrugged, "In a race you drive fast,

continued on next page

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MOTOR SPORTS

continued from page 41

and when you drive fast you burn gasoline. But how can you burn gasoline you don't have?"

In practice, last year's winner, Mike Hawthorn, drove a fuel-injection factory D Jaguar to the fastest lap time of more than 114 mph and confirmed the Jags' favorite status.

Just about the only person in the pits on race day who was taking it calmly was a Pickwickian gentleman never before seen at Le Mans: Scotsman David Murray. Portly in blue coveralls, with a few wisps of white hair peeping out beneath his tartan tam, Murray had brought his own private D Jag to race. "We're not here to win," he promised. "We just want to see what it's like."

A whisky exporter and ex-driver, Murray had made a resounding success of a private racing stable, the *Ecurie Ecosse*. With him to Le Mans he brought his partner Wilkie Wilkinson, three mechanics, Drivers Ninian Sanderson and Ron Flockhart and a metallic-blue Jaguar.

Compared to big European manufacturers spending millions on racing, Murray and Wilkinson were shoestring artisans, although they begged off talking about profits, saying, "Internal revenue may be listening in."

By race time Wilkinson had spent hundreds of hours manhandling the car, including a 12th-hour dismantling and reassembly.

As the traditional 4 p.m. starting time approached, spectators stood in the rain for five national anthems and a silent moment of prayer for last year's dead. The silence continued as the seconds ticked off, and suddenly, at a signal, the drivers sprinted to their cars, gunned the motors and pulled away.

The unbanked asphalt highway was slick with wetness and treacherously awaiting victims. Barely 10 minutes after the start, the first crash came. Coming down to the S-turns Jaguar's Paul Freese spun into a parapet. Teammate Jack Fairman braked hard and was slammed by the Marquis de Portago's Ferrari. All three limped off course, but to Loula Héry, a 43-year-old Nantes garage owner coming along in a Panhard, one abandoned car looked too close. Héry tried braking, spun and his car burst into flames. Héry died in a hospital.

With two factory Jags out and the Hawthorn car suffering from faulty plugs, David Murray's car eased into first place. The Stirling Moss-Peter

Collins Aston-Martin took the lead away, but lost it in the seventh hour. Lap after lap the two cars went round and round with the regularity of a bagpipe rhythm.

Within the first hour seven cars were out of the race, and after 12 hours 27 machines had quit. The track looked like an automotive graveyard.

Jaguar and Aston-Martin battled furiously through the night and into the cold, wet, cheerless dawn. As Wilkinson warmed up with a few nips of Scotland's principal export, the Scottish Jaguar gradually drew away from its smaller competitor and by the 23rd hour was a lap ahead. "Anything can happen," Wilkinson cautioned.

But nothing did. As the crowd screamed wildly for the winner, Flockhart brought the car slowly across the finish line.

Only 14 cars were running at the finish. Of the record 35 machines which quit, 13 suffered accidents, two were ruled out for breaking the gasoline rule and the rest faded with mechanical failures. The winner's average speed of 104.40 mph was the slowest since 1952, but the customer had beat the factory and Wilkinson was ecstatic.

"It's not believable," he shouted. "It's not believable." (E & D)

THE 14 FINISHERS

DRIVERS	CAR	MPH
1. Sanderson Flockhart	D Jaguar	104.40
2. Moss Collins	Aston-Martin	104.17
3. Gendries Trillatant	Ferrari	101.89
4. Swates Laurent	D Jaguar	92.55
5. Von Frankenberg Van Trips	Porsche	91.91
6. Hawthorn Burb	D Jaguar	91.08
7. Bucknell Japp	Lotus	87.91
8. Huges Bentley	Cooper	87.56
9. Boerliet Perroud	Maserati	85.23
10. Laurens Armignac	DB	80.30
11. Vidilles Boquet	DB	78.13
12. Hochard Mason	DB	76.68
13. Boerliet Sialme	Porsche	73.79
14. Dumazet Campoon	VP	72.99



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in baseball as he trades, rejects, patches and plans for**

BALTIMORE'S BOOM

THIS is a story—much of it in the first person, by a distinguished author named Paul Richards—about how to build a major league baseball team. It isn't one of those complete-in-this-issue stories, since, so far at least, it really has no end. You see, it is about the Baltimore Orioles, who aren't complete yet either.

Otherwise, it has all the ingredients: a beginning (the hiring of Richards in 1954), a middle (the climb to fifth place halfway through the 1956 season), a hero (Richards), a supporting cast (four score more or less transient ballplayers), assorted villains (named Yankees and Indians and Red Sox), a lovely lady to be wooed and won (the Baltimore fan) and a plot (the first division or bust). Sometime the story also hopes to have a happy ending.

"We are well pleased," says Paul Richards, "with the progress to date."

But first, a brief preface:

At the end of the 1953 season, the franchise of the perennial American League doormats, the St. Louis Browns, was transferred to Baltimore, and the tub was picked up by a host of clever-minded and well-heeled businessmen. They hired the old Philadelphia Athletic, Jimmy Dykes, to manage the club, and sat back to watch the crowds pour in and the Orioles soar toward the top of the American League.

The crowds did, indeed, pour in—an attendance of 1,060,910 for the 1954 season, compared to the embarrassing total of 297,238 that watched virtually the same ball club perform the year before in St. Louis uniforms. But the flight of the Orioles was more of a flutter. At the end of the season Dykes had them out of the cellar, true, but Baltimore had lost exactly the same number of games as the Browns of the year before (an even 100), and occupation of seventh place was due less to the efforts of the Orioles themselves than to those of the Philadelphia A's, who somehow managed to lose 103.

So the directors of the Baltimore

Baseball Club junked Dykes and hired away from the Chicago White Sox, to serve in the dual capacity of field manager and general manager, the square-jawed, businesslike Wizard of Waxahachie, Texas, Paul Rapier Richards.

MAKE HASTE QUICKLY

"My goal," said the new head man, "is to build the Orioles into a pennant contender as quickly as possible."

"The building job," says Richards now in retrospect, "has worked out pretty much as we expected—although nothing ever goes quite according to schedule. The unexpected always comes up. So you are kind of like a shortstop; you live on your instinct."

Richards' instinct was to move fast—and in all directions at once. He signed every young ballplayer of promise that he could find to breathe life into the dilapidated old Brownie farm system. To five alone he paid bonuses

totaling \$200,000 and only shrugged when one was such a failure that he was released outright after only two months. And as a result, according to Farm Director Jim McLaughlin, the Orioles now have as many good-looking young prospects down on the farm as any team in baseball. Yet, still the search goes on.

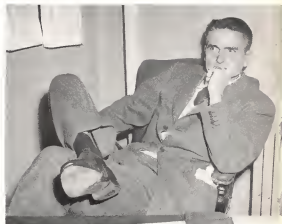
"I have seen more kids brought in here for tryouts in the last two months," says the Orioles' veteran third baseman, George Kell, "than I saw in two years at Chicago."

"The most important thing for the future," says Richards, "is to have something come out of the farm system. So you can never afford to ease up in the hunt for young ballplayers. And anyone that looks good, you try to sign. You try to be careful and get the best, but you can't take a chance on missing even one."

"We realized, of course," continues Richards, "that you couldn't man a ball club with all kids. Today we have young players like Ferrarese and Franco and the bonus kids. We have the slightly more established players like Miranda and Triandos and Williams. And we have those with solid experience like Kell and Nieman and Evers."

But that is today, some 26 months and some 84 ballplayers after Richards took over in the fall of 1954. In between there have been players bought by the handfuls and sold by the handfuls and traded by the handfuls, and today

continued on next page



MAN AT WORK is Manager-cum-General Manager Paul Richards, directing his Orioles in a sun-baked, noisy ball park or planning for the future in the cool quiet of his office.

continued from page 43

there isn't a single one left of the crew which was there in Baltimore to greet their new manager that October day.

Some were obtained in straight cash deals, and Richards belongs to the school which believes it is sometimes possible to buy a ball club. He is also appreciative of the fact that the directors of the Baltimore club have been willing to spend money.

"You always hope to pay your own way through attendance," Paul says, "but we are fortunate in having enough money to step up and buy almost anybody at any time if the opportunity presents itself. And sometimes, if you're smart, it is still possible to buy a good ballplayer."

"However," he warns, "you can never buy a good one high. But if you work it just right, sometimes you can buy one cheap. You offer \$100,000 and you scare them off. You offer \$10,000 and you might get the same man."

But most of Richards' transactions have been trades—and what trades! In November of 1954, for example, he

engineered a famous 17-player deal with the Yankees. A month later he was in the middle of another big trade—this one involving seven men—with the White Sox. And throughout the 1955 season players marched, in company front, on and off the Oriole roster, until a total of 54 different players had appeared in Oriole box scores that year.

"What do you think of your pitching staff?" a reporter asked Richards one day during the middle of that season.

"You mean the one coming," asked Paul, "or the one going?"

And even now, midway through 1956, who has made the year's biggest trade in the American League? Why Richards, of course. This one gave the White Sox Jim Wilson and Dave Philley in exchange for George Kell, Bob Nieman, Mike Fomiele and Connie Johnson.

"When you have nothing," Richards says now, explaining the early mass migrations, "any kind of a deal is a good one. Sometimes you may end up with four shortstops, but so what? You can always trade a couple of them off a little later for something else. And if you're careful, eventually you wind up



FLOW OF YOUNGSTERS getting try-outs astonishes major league veteran Kell.

with something resembling a ball club.

"A deal, especially a big one, is very involved, and sometimes, even long after it is over, it is almost impossible to say whether it was a good one or not. The 1954 trade with the Yankees, for example. It is the one around which all our later trades have revolved, so it must have been a good one. Yet you might say that there are a couple of those players I'd like to have back—so maybe it was a bad one too."

"The No. 1 goal," says Paul, "is always a solid pitching staff. You look for the good dependable veterans—like Wight and Zverink. Then you try to get a couple of young ones to bring along and develop—like Ferrarese and Fornieles. And maybe you can pick up an older pitcher who has been around for quite a while but never really had too much of a chance—like Moore. Then you mix them up and, if you're lucky, you wind up with good pitching."

"The higher you go, the harder it becomes to make a deal for good players who can help you. At first you trade for quantity, and you're bound to improve. But as you get up toward the first division, you have to be specific; you have to trade to fill particular needs. It gets pretty rough."

"At this point, you begin to look toward your farm system."

Richards is notoriously averse to pointing a finger at what others might consider a sure thing. But even he admits some of the farm hands look good, while McLaughlin will go quite a bit further than that. "We have at least half a dozen," he says, "who can't miss."

"Once in a while," Richards muses, "you get a DeMaggio or a Williams or a Mantle out of your farm system. But then, when the big guy comes, you have to be ready. You have to be

HIGHLIGHT

THE INSIDE-THE-PARK home run is the most exciting play in baseball," former Yankee manager Joe McCarthy once said. Last week at Pittsburgh's Forbes Field, the seventh inside-the-park home run of the season was hit in the most lurid circumstances imaginable.

The Chicago Cubs, on the strength of a seven-run eighth inning, were ahead of Pittsburgh 8-5. The first man up for the Pirates in the last of the ninth walked and moved to second on a single. Another walk was issued, and the bases were loaded. Up stepped Roberto Clemente, and fresh in everyone's mind was the ninth-inning homer the little Puerto Rican had hit only four days before to win a game.

Clemente ended all speculation on the first pitch. He swung hard and drove a tremendous fly to the right of the light tower in left field. The ball hit halfway up the wall as the left fielder made a futile leap for it and then bounded along the center path to left center field.

The three Pirate base runners bounced across home plate in quick succession. The Pirate team erupted from the dugout shouting, "¡Arrriba! ¡Arrriba! (Forward!)"

Clemente, running as fast as a scared Ruben Gomez, took a quick look at the ball still deep in the outfield as he headed toward third. Manager Bobby Bragan frantically signaled him to stop, shouted

in Spanish and English and all but tackled Clemente as he came roaring past third with his head down. "The score was tied and I can tell there was a close play at the plate. I was willing to settle for the tie with none out and a good chance to get Clemente home later," explained Bragan.

But Clemente kept running and flung himself at home plate as the ball arrived with him. The plate was blocked, but Clemente slid around the catcher as he dropped the ball. The game was over, and the Pirates had won 9-8.

The Pirates happily assaulted Clemente and pulled him to his feet. Most of the 15,000 fans in the stands poured onto the field. "The Arrriba Kid" tore himself from his enthusiastic teammates and scooted into the locker room.

As the Pirates celebrated in the dressing room later, Clemente went up to Bragan and asked innocently, "You gave me stop sign?"

"Yeah," replied the shaken Bragan.

Clemente grinned. "Nothing would have stopped me. I think I have chance to make home. See, now tie and I have nothing to lose. So I just run and run and I know I will score, I thank." Clemente grinned again and added, "Besides—my father—he say would like that I make grand slam." —L.W.

ready with a solid club to back him up or even the .350 hitter won't help you too much. So, while you're waiting, you keep right on making deals and signing the youngsters.

"We are a definitely improved club," he says, looking around at the team he has patched together through almost two hard years of never-ceasing effort. "We have good pitching," he says, "adequate fielding and some guys who can hit in the clutch. All we really need to move up is maybe one more pitcher, another infielder who can hit and a couple of our younger players living up to their promise."

In the meantime he looks at the averages which show the Orioles last in the league in both hitting and fielding, then wryly over at the standings which show the Orioles in fifth place.

"This shows you," he says, "what figures are worth. It doesn't make a damn if a player is hitting only .200 if he hits at the right time."

"It is all important for a winning team to surround itself with five or six ballplayers who can do as good a job

when it comes time to win the game as they do at other times. These are intangibles, and don't ask me how you know whether a ballplayer has them. Sometimes everyone in the league knows a guy has it; sometimes you don't know at all until he is on your team helping you win. Kell and Nieman, for example, are both this type."

"We have been fortunate in finding ballplayers who still like to win. And a .300 hitter who likes to win can be more valuable to you than all the .300 hitters in the world who are only interested in getting out there every day and getting their own two hits."

So Paul Rapier Richards keeps dealing (for the .300 hitter who likes to win) and keeps waiting (for the farm clubs to produce that big guy everyone is always looking for) and keeps on signing the youngsters by the dozens just so someday he will have a good chance to get that big guy he wants.

And in the meantime the poor little old Baltimore Orioles aren't doing bad at all. Not at all. As they say in Wawahachie, I reckon not. **(END)**

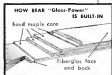


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TEAM PERFORMANCES

Team	Wins	Losses	Games	Runs	Hits	Errors
NATIONAL LEAGUE						
Boston	6-1	857	(54-40)	12		
St. Louis	4-2	867	(54-47)	5		
Cincinnati	3-3	825	(54-50)	6		
Pittsburgh	3-3	806	(54-50)	6		
Philadelphia	3-3	800	(54-53)	5		
Pittsburgh	3-3	375	(42-54)	6		
New York	1-5	182	(42-57)	4		
Chicago	1-6	143	(42-55)	2		
AMERICAN LEAGUE						
Cleveland	6-1	857	(54-40)	6		
New York	4-2	830	(54-43)	12		
Boston	4-2	371	(54-42)	2		
Detroit	4-4	500	(42-53)	12		
Chicago	3-5	375	(42-54)	2		
Baltimore	3-5	375	(42-54)	2		
Washington	2-5	286	(38-58)	2		
St. Louis	2-5	286	(38-58)	2		

TEAM LEADERS

Team	Wins	Losses	Games	Runs	Hits	Errors
NATIONAL LEAGUE						
Boston	6-1	857	(54-40)	12		
St. Louis	4-2	867	(54-47)	5		
Cincinnati	3-3	825	(54-50)	6		
Pittsburgh	3-3	806	(54-50)	6		
Philadelphia	3-3	800	(54-53)	5		
Pittsburgh	3-3	375	(42-54)	6		
New York	1-5	182	(42-57)	4		
Chicago	1-6	143	(42-55)	2		
AMERICAN LEAGUE						
Cleveland	6-1	857	(54-40)	6		
New York	4-2	830	(54-43)	12		
Boston	4-2	371	(54-42)	2		
Detroit	4-4	500	(42-53)	12		
Chicago	3-5	375	(42-54)	2		
Baltimore	3-5	375	(42-54)	2		
Washington	2-5	286	(38-58)	2		
St. Louis	2-5	286	(38-58)	2		

HEROES AND GOATS

THE SEASON (to July 25)

Team	Wins	Losses	Games	Runs	Hits	Errors
NATIONAL LEAGUE						
Boston	6-1	857	(54-40)	12		
St. Louis	4-2	867	(54-47)	5		
Cincinnati	3-3	825	(54-50)	6		
Pittsburgh	3-3	806	(54-50)	6		
Philadelphia	3-3	800	(54-53)	5		
Pittsburgh	3-3	375	(42-54)	6		
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AMERICAN LEAGUE						
Cleveland	6-1	857	(54-40)	6		
New York	4-2	830	(54-43)	12		
Boston	4-2	371	(54-42)	2		
Detroit	4-4	500	(42-53)	12		
Chicago	3-5	375	(42-54)	2		
Baltimore	3-5	375	(42-54)	2		
Washington	2-5	286	(38-58)	2		
St. Louis	2-5	286	(38-58)	2		

RUNS PRODUCED

Team	Wins	Losses	Games	Runs	Hits	Errors
NATIONAL LEAGUE						
Boston	6-1	857	(54-40)	12		
St. Louis	4-2	867	(54-47)	5		
Cincinnati	3-3	825	(54-50)	6		
Pittsburgh	3-3	806	(54-50)	6		
Philadelphia	3-3	800	(54-53)	5		
Pittsburgh	3-3	375	(42-54)	6		
New York	1-5	182	(42-57)	4		
Chicago	1-6	143	(42-55)	2		
AMERICAN LEAGUE						
Cleveland	6-1	857	(54-40)	6		
New York	4-2	830	(54-43)	12		
Boston	4-2	371	(54-42)	2		
Detroit	4-4	500	(42-53)	12		
Chicago	3-5	375	(42-54)	2		
Baltimore	3-5	375	(42-54)	2		
Washington	2-5	286	(38-58)	2		
St. Louis	2-5	286	(38-58)	2		

THE ROOKIES

Team	Wins	Losses	Games	Runs	Hits	Errors
NATIONAL LEAGUE						
Boston	6-1	857	(54-40)	12		
St. Louis	4-2	867	(54-47)	5		
Cincinnati	3-3	825	(54-50)	6		
Pittsburgh	3-3	806	(54-50)	6		
Philadelphia	3-3	800	(54-53)	5		
Pittsburgh	3-3	375	(42-54)	6		
New York	1-5	182	(42-57)	4		
Chicago	1-6	143	(42-55)	2		
AMERICAN LEAGUE						
Cleveland	6-1	857	(54-40)	6		
New York	4-2	830	(54-43)	12		
Boston	4-2	371	(54-42)	2		
Detroit	4-4	500	(42-53)	12		
Chicago	3-5	375	(42-54)	2		
Baltimore	3-5	375	(42-54)	2		
Washington	2-5	286	(38-58)	2		
St. Louis	2-5	286	(38-58)	2		

A brickbat for PGA officialdom, but bouquets for
two beautiful Women's Open finalists in their

DULUTH PLAYOFF

AMONG the many fine courses which Donald Ross, that Johnny Appleseed of early American golf course architecture, scattered over the face of the U.S., one of the most pleasantly difficult is the Northland Country Club, which is perched atop a bluff overlooking the city of Duluth and the western tip of Lake Superior. Since Northland lies a little off the beaten path, up to last week it had been selected as the venue of only one prestige-level tournament, the 1946 Western Amateur in which Frank Stranahan and Smiley Quick waged their legendary everything-but-the-kitchen-sink match. Last week, what with the steel strike settlement still unresolved, not much was stirring on the ore docks beneath the bluff, but up at Northland, after a relatively slumberous decade, the joint was jumping again.

The course was the scene of the 11th National Women's Open championship which was won by Kathy Corne-

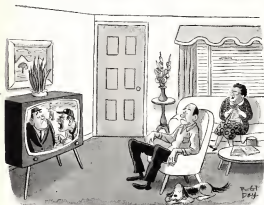
lius, a 24-year-old pro who looks more like a Smith College student-council leader than the mother of a 2-year-old daughter, after a playoff with Barbara McIntire, an up-and-coming 21-year-old amateur from the University of Toledo, whom many consider the handsomest girl in golf. Watching all the girls go by was a gallery that was large only by regional standards, but which had the distinction of being without a doubt the most hirsute band of spectators ever to congregate on a golf course since the days of young Tom Morris. With the city of Duluth approaching its centennial celebration, more of the local menfolk have grown 1856-style mustaches, sideburns and beards. You never saw so much rough in your life.

Considering how taxing Northland is on the old fibulae—there is one aspect which the natives claim is the equivalent of climbing a 10-story building—it was a little ironic that the lancers of

the Royal Sedentary Brigade, who remained planted at the clubhouse, were in the perfect position to witness the crucial action. It took place on the 18th hole, the 72nd of the tournament, a par 5, 410 yards long, which sweeps moderately uphill for some 275 yards, breaks downhill to the bed of a small stream, and then climbs abruptly again to a plateau green some 50 yards beyond the water hazard. When the wind is with the player, as it was on Saturday afternoon, a strong gal can get home with two big woods. Miss McIntire did just this and then holed a tremendous putt across the green for an eagle 3, a three-under-par 71, and a four-round total of 302. Barbara, however, had started that fourth round eight shots behind the leaders, Mrs. Cornelius and Marlene Bauer Hage, and until late in the afternoon it looked as if one or both of them would come close to breaking 300. Marlene and Kathy had the slight disadvantage of being paired together, though, and it seemed to make them think in terms of match and not medal play. On the last nine, locked in their duel, both dropped a liberal number of strokes to par. Kathy eventually pulled two shots ahead of Marlene and needed only a par 5 on the very birdie-able 72nd to nail down a winning total of 301.

However, on that home hole Kathy mis-hit her tee shot a bit and, out only some 200 yards, she faced the problem of deciding whether to play short of the water hazard or to gamble on carrying it. She chose to play short, but hit a seven-iron much too full, and the ball caught the downslope and bounded into the hazard. She was on in 4 and down in 2 for a 6 and a total of 302 which necessitated the playoff. Even before the results of Kathy's supposed safety shot were evident, most of the gallery seemed to think she could have easily cleared the hazard with a four-wood and her rooters were filled with foreboding when she elected not to go for it. It was all sort of like Billy Joe Patton at Augusta in reverse when, in 1954, the galleries pleaded audibly with that audacious young man not to attempt to carry the water on the 13th and 14th.

The National Women's Open—next year it will have a real showcase setting, Winged Foot in Westchester—is a good tournament that is steadily becoming a better one. The PGA championship, as the recent 1956 edition made remarkably clear, has also been undergoing a marked change. Here is a once-splendid event that has been gradually losing its historic luster and



"What's so unusual about that? Have you ever known me to reverse a decision?"

will surely lose all of it unless the PGA officialdom completely revises its antique regulation which serves only to gratify some errant idea of "tradition" in the minds of reactionary PGA regional gauleiters and to bar from the event many of the young stars the public expects to see in a national championship. The PGA has also lost sight of the primary fact that you cannot expect to have the stature of a championship without a championship course.

At the Blue Hill Country Club outside of Boston, where the 1956 PGA was held, there were four or five first-class holes, but the course just didn't have the over-all character (or the condition) to make it a true test of championship shotmaking. Jack Burke won the title, in effect, when he ruced off on a burst of five birdies against Ted Kroll on the third nine of their 36-hole final. The first of Jack's birds came on a par 3 which required a substantial four-iron, but he scored the others on holes that were rather soft pickings for a major tournament. The PGA championship should, of course, occupy a status comparable to the Masters, but if the powers that be prefer to make it into just another summer circuit stop they are well on the road to success.

Unchallenging course or not, in winning at Blue Hill, Jack Burke played some wonderful stuff including the stoutest clutch golf of his career. I am thinking particularly of his rousing semifinal match against Ed Furgol which Jack pulled out on the 37th with a grand four-iron approach after he had all but won it on the 36th by cracking an absolutely beautiful two-iron seven feet from the pin on that 498-yard par 5. (Jack missed that putt after Ed had holed for a birdie from 11 feet, hence the 37th.) It takes a pretty good golfer to hit a two-iron right even on the practice tee, and if you have the nerve and the skill to hit one right under pressure, then, as Kipling lost no time in pointing out, you'll be a man, my son. (END)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

2—U.P. 4—Edith Kantor 8—Kunin, U.P. 29, Fabian Buchack 30a. Schersted 195; Isahang, J. Reuter Wierhoff Studio 100; Gary Glusman-Kellogg, G.P. U.P. 18, 20—drawings by Alor 21—My Point, John G. Hemmer 24—lower right, M. No. Vocher 25—lower right, Luciano 26, 28—Joan Dean 176 27—A.P. 32, 33—Allen Grant 175, 33—Mary G. 181 A.P. U.P. 121 33—John Sadler, Arthur Shep 176 34—A.P. 33—Edward Mann 35—Roy McLean 43—T.M.P. 43—Walter McCassey The San Papers 48—134 P. 25—Richard Mann 36 Young Ten Transon Chronicle Richard Mann 37—Robert Heller 38—Lillian Columbia Chicago 33—Jared Kaufman 34, 35—Mort Kaufman, My Point 36 36—Robert Phelan Black Star 38—Roy, Sweetest Concept Chris Collier Times 39—A.P. 66—Alor W. Richards, 88—right, William N. Jeppson-Baron, left, A.P.



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Champagne and dinner jackets, Highlanders in kilts,
and Archie Moore against an unknown, bring in the

CANADIAN DOLLAR

WHEN DOC KEARNS, a man with the mien of a funeral director and the soul of a cunning playboy, ruled boxing through the fists of Jack Dempsey and Mickey Walker, there were million-dollar gates and \$100,000 side bets. Champagne bubbled over the rims of a thousand happy glasses.

For a little while last week there was champagne again but those who drank it were wearing rented dinner jackets. There was Kearns, though, his gaunt and sallow head bent forward, as befits a man who has spent a long lifetime counting the till, and there was jollity in hotel suites, as is fitting on the nights just before a big fight. But the jollity was diminished by the fact that this was no big fight at all. It was instead a frowsy, synthetic contest of little import. It opposed Archie Moore, pretender to the heavyweight championship of the world, and James J. Parker, pretender to the heavyweight championship of the British Empire. Neither claim has official status. Archie is No. 1 but Parker is not even ranked.

The bout was, nonetheless, billed as for the heavyweight championship. Even old Archie could speak of this only with a grin. The billing was part of the ballyhoo and the ballyhoo sprang from the profusely devious mind of Dr. Kearns, who imported Jack Solomons, the London promoter, to sauce the affair with hot English mustard, and invented a score of promotional fillips to titillate the people. Standing by with a ready supply of cash to guarantee the whims of Kearns was Dave Rush, a man who is accustomed to dealing in low-priced uranium stocks and thus might be considered as in his element at this affair. Mr. Rush had previously induced Honest Bill Daly to part with a large share of Parker's contract.

The Kearns pitch made the fight irresistible to the people of Toronto, in whose Maple Leaf Stadium it was held. They got their money's worth in showmanship. There were, for instance, those rented evening clothes supplied

along with white carnation bouffantes to the more amenable members of the working press (though most, indeed, balked at working in costume). There were orchids for ringside blondes. There was Rocky Marciano, pretending to write about the fight for the *Toronto Telegram*. There were searchlights stabbing the sky and red carpets leading to ringside. When Parker marched in, the ball park was darkened, a spotlight picked out his robe of blue and white silk, and he was escorted by a band of piping Highlanders. Seconds later Moore, who had had his fire engine red Thunderbolt flown in from San Diego to ease the training tedium, appeared in not one, but two

robes, the outer layer being of cerise and viridian green satin, the inner of black and gold. Moore was escorted by a U.S. Air Force delegation.

And all for what? All for the Canadian dollar, which is worth three percent more than the U.S. variety. The fight drew 148,600 of these expensive dollars and 21,437 fans, the biggest crowd ever to see a fight in Canada.

It was called a fight. It was, rather, a contest between Moore and Whitey Bimstein, the virtuoso cut man in Parker's corner. In the fourth round, throwing right-hand leads with the abandon of one who knows that no harm can come to him, Moore opened a cut on Parker's left eyelid, a real gusher of a cut with blood spurting from two tiny arteries. Between rounds thereafter Whitey performed miracles of minor surgery, staunching the flow each time. And in the opening seconds of each succeeding round Moore would flick out a right or a left—it didn't matter which—and start the flow again, a blinding outpouring through which Parker could see only a crimson haze. This blindness on the left side was one reason why Moore landed so many rights. The other was that the inexperienced Parker (he has had less than two score fights) could not cope



CANADIAN CHORUS of promoters and managers: Charley Johnston, Honest Bill Daly, Solomons, Kearns. Note rakish euffs, shoes.

That Parker survived until the bout was stopped, after two minutes and two seconds of the ninth round, was due largely to his courage but raised a suspicion that Archie's gold mine of punching power has begun to peter out. This was not the Puncher Moore who decked Marcano. To be sure, he spotted his target better than 25 pounds (Moore 186½, Parker 211½), but even so something was missing.

Toward the end Archie quit trying for a clean knockout. In a gesture of gallantry, and perhaps with just a trifle of arm weariness, he refused to continue the assault when Parker was clearly on the verge of helplessness. He did this in the eighth round and again in the ninth, just before the end. It was the Moore way of cocking a sportsman's snoot at those in the crowd who had booed his entrance. It won him a burst of admiring applause.

"In the last round, and before the last round," Moore explained later, "he floundered, but I did not take undue advantage. They booed me unmercifully [actually only a few did, but Archie is a sensitive man] and I wanted to show them I could be a sportsman."

So did James J. Parker prove he was a sportsman—a fellow of splendid courage who refused to fall.

What did the fight prove? It proved that aging Archie has by no means disappeared over the hill. He forced the fighting and moved constantly but his legs, covered by long black trunks that reached almost to his knees, showed no obvious weakness.

As to the impending September bout with Floyd Patterson, Archie would prefer to have it in California rather than in New York, as the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president) has planned.

Archies, of course, convinced he can beat Patterson. He notes that Patterson weighed only 178 pounds in beating Hurricane Jackson, and that there still are traces of amateurish weakness in Patterson's style. He will go into training now at his San Diego camp and, brushing the impending championship fight aside as a mere incident, looks gaily forward to a fall and winter Grand Tour of Europe, in which he will meet selected opponents.

He may not yet be officially the champion, but he is, at any rate, the very picture of a champion—serene, confident, poised and with plenty of Canadian dollars in his pocket. **(END)**

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S-5487

At Detroit's Olympic trials a record field of 300 men and women wind up a hard summer with their

FINAL PLUNGE

IN THE HOT timesome days of August the U.S. becomes a nation of water lovers. In lakes and pools millions frolic and indolently duck, and in the surf many more are herded like hapless lemmings by the shrill whistles of lifeguards. Very few in all this wallowing mass can swim well; in fact, very few do any swimming at all. Yet in the Olympics we win gold medals for swimming, because every year there are some swimmers somewhere hard at work. This summer the greatest number of Olympic prospects, reckoned at about 800 men and women, are trying for one of the 47 prized spots on the 1956 U.S. Olympic swimming team.

The love the present generation of dunkers has for water sometimes actually proves a hindrance to our good swimmers. In many towns a serious competitor must get into the local pool in the early morn before the mob comes to play, and to get a second workout he must wait until the mob leaves. As usual, this year many good Olympic contenders have left home seeking either uncluttered water or the good advice of one of the handful of coaches who feel the sport is worth the extra work in summer. Swimmers at Yale,

under the guidance of Bob Kipthuth, and more than a dozen divers at Ohio State, learning from the diving master, Mike Peppe, have been working through July. In Washington, D. C., at 7 in the morning, before the pool is opened to dunkers, the famous teenage girls of the Walter Reed Club, waiting for practice to start, sit grim-faced, hugging their legs, looking not at all like cheesecake mermaids, but rather, as one of them puts it, like "death warmed over."

In the past year U.S. swimmers have broken and rebroken national records. Our 1956 Olympic team will be the best yet. But there is still one big question to be answered: is our best this year good enough? This will depend on how our progress from now until November compares with that of other swimming powers in the specific Olympic events. The Olympic program of events for either men or women is actually smaller than that of a college dual meet. For men at the Games there are a 100-meter, a 400-meter and a 1,500-meter freestyle, a 100-meter backstroke, a 200-meter breaststroke, a 200-meter butterfly, an 800-meter relay, a three-meter springboard dive

and a platform dive. The women do not swim a 1,500-meter, their relay is 400 meters and their butterfly is only 100 meters. Otherwise the women's program is the same as the men's, in the two relays and the 15 individual events a total of 23 gold medals are up for grabs, and the big grabbers in the past have been Americans, Japanese, Dutch and Hungarians. In the past 12 Olympics, Australia has won only 11 gold medals. Then, about two years ago, when no one was paying much attention to activity in the swimming lanes down under, the Australians began to pour it on. Now Australians are the leading contenders for 13 of the 23 gold medals. No one, however, need concede them that much so early. The American chances will be busy until our top performers have a go at each other in the competition that really counts—our Olympic trials for men and women this week at Rouge Park on the outskirts of Detroit.

At the Detroit trials many spectators will get their admissions' worth watching just one man in the long and ordinarily unspectacular 1,500-meter freestyle. Our chances in the 1,500 meters—our best chance for a swimming gold medal—will be riding on a stolid, bull-necked, 21-year-old Buffalonian, George Breen, who currently is the wonder of the swimming world. Breen swam his first race four years ago at the relatively advanced age of 17. In his first time trial that year he made a wretched six minutes and 30 seconds for 440 yards, and coaches watching him thrash around concluded that he could probably have done as well swimming the old trudgion stroke in a pool of buttermilk. Most distance men strive to acquire a glide through the water by

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BILL YORZYK, record holder in 200-meter butterfly, is just Olympic favorite over Jiro Nagasawa and Takashi Ishimoto.



ROBIN MOORE, record holder in 100 yards, is not even sure of team spot because he lacks experience in the long-course pools.



YOSHI OYAKAWA, the 1952 Olympic backstroke winner, this year faces a tough new challenger, David Thiele of Australia.



A BIZARRE FREESTYLIST, THE INCREDIBLY DURABLE 3,000-METER RECORD HOLDER, GEORGE GREEN IS THE BEST AMERICAN HOPE IN SWIMMING

FINAL PLUNGE

continued from page 59

using a steady six-beat kick. Breen gets little more from his legs than stability. His right arm enters the water fairly straight; his left arm, on his breathing side, slices into the water at an angle. The slap and splash of his arms can be heard a half-pool length away; on the turns he often showers officials with water. Coaches who once bet Breen would not finish a race were by this year figuring he might be the first American to take the 1,500-meter record away from the Japanese. At the NCAA meet last March thrashing George Breen obliged, lowering the seemingly unbeatable Hironoshin Furuhashi's mark from 18:19.0 to 18:05.9.

In a number of events at the Olympic trials at Detroit, the top performers at the national championships at Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio last week should repeat, with improved times to brighten the Olympic picture. The 400-meter freestyle should be a good fight between George Breen and the Hawaiian veterans of the 1952 team, Bill Woolsey and Ford Konno, who in 1952 won the 1,500 meters and lost a close 400 meters to the Frenchman, Boiteux. With Breen, Woolsey, and Konno all capable of kicking their times below 4:35, the U.S. should be well fixed for a scramble against the Australians, Japanese and Boiteux in the Olympic finals. The edge in the 400 meters currently rests with Australia's Murray Rose, who turned in a smart 4:31 last winter. The advantage in the backstroke also rests with an Australian, 18-year-old David Thiele, who turned in an unprecedented 1:04 in a long-course pool. This does not dismay American coaches, who figure experience will count for something. Our 1952 Olympic champion, Yoshi Oyakawa, turned in 1:04.3 this June, then won the nationals last week, and should win again at Detroit, leading his perennial opposition, Al Wiggins and Frank McKinney, into the three spots on the Olympic team.

A year ago in the butterfly we were definitely behind the Japanese. Then along came Bill Yorzyk, the Springfield graduate student, suddenly developing into a world-beater and setting a world record of 2:16.7. In the nationals, Yorzyk won over the long course in 2:24.3, only a half second slower than the best Japanese long-course time. In the breaststroke, in contrast, our best man, Dick Fudges—who might well be upset in the trials—is 12 seconds behind the Japanese. Until someone gets consistently within a second of the



DON HARPER may place in both the dives, but could be beaten by any of five other recent champions from Ohio State.

times made by Australia's Jon Henricks, the 100-meter freestyle seems hopelessly lost. Robin Moore, who, on the basis of his recent world record for 100 yards, would seem to be our best hope, will have enough trouble making the team. The Olympic events are swum in a 50-meter pool, and this gives Moore only one turn to capitalize on the tremendous pushoff he gets from his legs.

Except for the backstroke, which should be won by the unattached 16-year-old charmer, Carin Cone of New Jersey, the women's trials should be dominated—not monopolized but dominated—by the girls of the Walter Reed Club. At Melbourne our girl swimmers

will probably only break even with the other powers. Our big hope is 18-year-old Shelley Mann of Walter Reed, who now holds a convincing margin in the butterfly after lowering the world record to 1:11.8. Shelley will probably enter the 100-meter freestyle as well, and at Melbourne we might have a double Olympic winner. In practice three times she has hit 1:04 or better. A time like that would bring back one of the medals the Australians count on keeping.

Off the three-meter board and platform the men's competition at Detroit should be a close match among a half dozen Ohio State graduates and undergraduates and Gary Tobán of Los Angeles (who somehow did not go to Ohio State). Despite his second place to Bob Clotworthy in the nationals, on the strength of his optional dives Don Harper seems the best bet for first in the springboard. Before the competition starts in women's diving, the question seems to be who besides Pat McCormick, the double winner of the 1952 Games, will make the team. McCormick's teammates in the springboard might well be Paula Jean Myers and June Irwin, who placed behind McCormick in the Helsinki Games. In diving, the U.S. strength goes unmatched, and quite literally we will be leaving a dozen gold-medal diving winners at home. It's the fight not to be left behind, of course, that makes an Olympic trial quite an exciting and yet a somewhat an affair. (RBP)

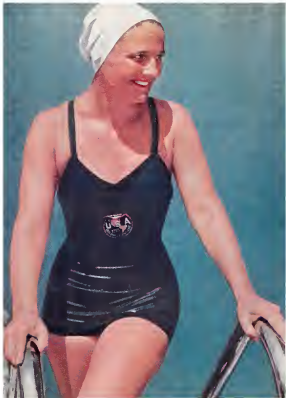
BIOPERSE: Jeanne Stunyo

JEANNE STUNYO, pictured in a graceful half-gainer on the right and portrayed on this week's cover, is one of top seven American women divers.

Jeanne was born 20 years ago in the steel town of Gary, Indiana, where her parents and a Little Leaguer kid brother live. Her father played semipro ball, and now manages an ice plant. Her mother was a local swim champion and instructor before she became a police matron. "We never pushed Jeanne in swimming," says her mother, yet at 11 Jeanne was flipping one-and-a-halves from a 10-foot tower. Four years later she was in Detroit working with Clarence Pinkston, an ex-Olympic diving champion and this year's Olympic diving coach for the women.

Today Jeanne is a pet, poised young lady with green eyes and short blonde hair who worries, like most youngsters, about "that extra 10 pounds." She is forever "firmly resolving" to cut out fattening Colons, the better to meet the exacting requirements of a favorite pair of Black Watch-plaid Bermuda shorts. Her room is littered with stuffed toy animals and half-knitted aryle socks. Majoring in radio and TV at the University of Detroit, Jeanne is "nothing special" as a student but has learned the lesson that "diving is a matter of mental control, then timing." Repeatedly runner-up to champion Pat McCormick, Jeanne never gives up and for the past two months has been practicing seven days a week, five hours a day at the rate of 20 dives an hour. Usually a "happy-go-lucky imp," Jeanne admits understandable edginess. "It's a matter of four more years before you get another chance. This is it—it's sink or swim."





PAT MCCORMICK, after a year out for motherhood, is favored to retain both her 1952 Olympic diving titles at Melbourne this fall.



PAULA JEAN MYERS, second in 1952 Olympic platform dive and third in national indoor three-



JUNO IRWIN, Olympic diver in 1948 and 1952, stands a good chance of taking Olympic platform title away from McCormick.

EMILY BOUGHTON, third in three-meter dive at the 1955 Pan-American Games, has even chance of making team in tough trials.



meter dive this winter, may win a place on the team in both events.

ANN COOPER, a good performer in one-meter dive (a non-Olympic event), has only long-shot chance to make team in three-meter dive.





SHELLEY MANN, the world's most versatile girl swimmer, will concentrate her efforts on the freestyle events and may also try for a place in the butterfly and backstroke.

THE OUTDOOR WEEK

EDITED BY TOM LINEAWEAVER

In France sailors call the shark 'la raquin,' in Washington the Senate at last approves a new national park, and a beaver house in Ontario shows some peculiar additions

SAILOR BEWARE

SAILORS," says the Nouveau Petit Larousse French lexicon, "gave sharks the name 'requin' because their presence allowed no hope of salvation for a swimmer and was tantamount to a requiem."

Man has long been morbidly preoccupied with sharks. Pliny the Elder in the first century A.D. wrote of shark attacks on Mediterranean sponge divers, and during the 18th century the great Swedish naturalist Linnaeus announced that Jonah had been swallowed not by a whale but by a shark.

Evidence of fatal human experience with sharks has mounted over the years and has been documented even by such a fiercely objective authority as the *Journal of the American Medical Association* (July 22, 1944). Yet, scientists of established repute held that sharks were a harmless lot, and it was only a mass of grim evidence from World War II that once and for all made it tragically clear that sharks have no aversion to human flesh. Downed fliers and ship-sinking survivors reported too many grisly shark encounters to be ignored, and shark research has since been a serious occupation, with resultant interesting facts about shark life.

Sharks, for instance, although their stomachs have yielded everything from rubber boots to tin cans, prefer fresh food to carrion. They are, by and large,



A MAKO SHARK'S JAW, above (far less attractive than that of Miss Mann's, opposite), is a jaw awesomely armed, and it stays that way. The Mako, like all sharks, has no true bone, only cartilage, and in biting fervor often loses some of its zone too firmly seated teeth. The loss, however, is very temporary. Behind each shark tooth, as shown in the photograph, are rows of less mature ones ready to fill the gaps.

The most recent fund of shark data is a booklet titled *Airman Against the Sea*, published by the U.S. Air University and written by Dr. George A. Llano. It may be as practically significant for the beach buff, yachtsman and deepwater anglers as for the hapless nirmen.

In offshore shark waters, advises the report, "Swimmers should retain all clothing, particularly shoes. Evidence shows that among groups of men the partly unclad are attacked first, usually in the feet."

Armless splashing tends to attract sharks; movement should be kept at a minimum.

If, though, a shark appears, there are rules which may keep the castaway intact:

- 1) Conserve strength. "Time is on the shark's side."
- 2) Try shouting under water.
- 3) Release shark repellent if available. (It has limited value and none when sharks are excited by the presence of blood.)

4) If the shark attacks, kick and thrash at it. If possible hit it on the snout, in the eyes or gills.

Businesslike and stark as the report may be, there is no convincing reason why anyone should abandon his seaside vacation and embrace bird watching. Shark species historically dangerous to man rarely venture into shallow water, and the chances of attack along this country's shoreline are roughly comparable to those of being struck by lightning. Only 30-odd attacks have been reported from U.S. beaches since 1916, and the most recent fatal attack occurred at Pacific Grove, Calif. on December 7, 1952 when a 17-year-old boy was bitten some 50 yards from shore.

There is one quite logical rule, nevertheless, which should be followed invariably. When a shark is in beach vicinity, get out of the water.

HOME IMPROVEMENT

It is a fine, lovely beaver house. For years rangers at Ontario's Algonquin Park have pridefully showed it to tourists. The tourists have taken pictures of it and marveled at beaver industriousness. One recent morning, however, early visitors noticed some rather startling additions to this beaver house. A television antenna sprouted from its roof. A clothesline stretched from the antenna to a nearby pole, and on the line flapped an assortment of distinctively feminine apparel. District Forester D. N. Omand of Pembroke recognized the additions as most un-beaverlike. He knew that beavers wear the same clothing year round and are far too busy to lounge around gazing at Hopalong Cassidy or Rin Tin Tin. He also was aware that a group of Junior Rangers, high school youths whom the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests sends north every summer, had just pitched camp. A visit to the camp confirmed his suspicions, and, after praising Junior Rangers for their imagination, he issued the edict: There would be no further additions to local beaver houses.

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NUMBER 29

Before adjournment the Senate approved creation of Virgin Islands National Park on St. John Island 1,400 miles south of New York in the Caribbean Sea (OUTDOOR WEEK, July 29). Through expected Presidential sanction, it will be the nation's 29th such park.

simply too slow to catch most fish, often must depend on cripples and flotsam for a meal. Furthermore, the majority of sharks have miserable eyesight, a highly developed sense of smell and do not have to roll on their side to bite. Their nervous system is wonderfully primitive, and they are virtually immune to pain.

OUTDOOR WEEK

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FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

SO—season opened (or closed); SC—season closed (or closed); C—clear water; D—water dirty or roily; M—water muddy; N—water at normal level; SH—slightly high; H—high; VH—very high; L—low; N—normal; F—falling; WT50—water temperature 50°; FG—fishing good; FF—fishing fair; PG—fishing poor; OVG—outlook very good; OG—outlook good; OF—outlook fair; OF—outlook poor.

BLUEFIN TUNA: NOVA SCOTIA: Hopes are high at recently unproductive Wedgeport as landing net is unusually heavy, and big tunas are working Belknap's Rip with first 3 taken last week. Jess Surette of Wakefield, Mass., whipped 335-pounder in 40 minutes on July 21, and the next day Bernard Langley of Water-town, Mass., landed a 387-pounder in one hour; OVG.

TROUT: MONTANA: FF on large Mont. streams due to extreme hot weather but PG in upper reaches of Gallatin, Boulder, and Stillwater rivers. Gardiner River and Slough Creeks in Yellowstone Park producing an small drabs and hopper imitations; OF until slightly cooler weather.

ABSENT: Upper Stony Creek in Rocky Mountain foothills near Gardiner last week drew in brook trout mizzers' eyes, as two Norfiders of Red Deer came home with a 9-pound 3-ounce. Shortly thereafter Ted Betts of Caroline slipped out with a 9-pound 3-ounce, traded back to the creek and staggered out again with a 10-pound 13-ounce. OVG in Stony, which is 11½ miles from Calgary by very poor roads but obviously worth the trip.

MICHIGAN: All streams N and C and OVG in meadow areas. Sturgeon River yielding good crop of rainbows to 2 pounds, but anglers are likely waiting for imminent arrival of big summer run fish; OVG. Brook trout OF on Black and Oconee. OVG for limit crocks on main and north branches of Maple, Ausable, Monette, Jordan, Huron, Boardman and Port Marquette FF for leeches.

INDIAN: In southern area Big and Little Wood rivers excellent for fine early morning catch-and-release, but garden tackle experts are taking 1- to 2-pounders during the day by fishing on bottom in deep holes; OF. In north central state, and of road on main Salmon to mouth of Horse Creek PG on flies, but local roadwork sends up smoke signals that a pack trip to upstream Horse Creek will produce hottest angling in Idaho; OVG.

WHALES: BRITISH COLUMBIA: Well-known Vancouverite Colonel W. E. (Buck) MacInnes, a man of uncompromising veracity, went salt-water trolling in Brown's Bay last week; was unstrung to see a 50-foot whale surface in the wake of his boat and even more unstrung when he hooked said whale and found himself being speedily towed to sea. Flood with a tough spell of hard work and discouraged by the realization that even if successful he would have to release out-of-season whale, the colonel regretfully cut his line.

BLUEFIN: MASSACHUSETTS: Action faltered on north Cape shore last week, but charter boatmen all around Cape reporting large schools of surface-feeding but late-bite fish; OG and should pick up from here on.

MARYLAND: Tinklers now moving into Chesapeake, and vast schools are present in Tangier Sound with trawlers taking all they want. OVG for next few weeks.

LOUISIANA: As suddenly as they disappeared a month ago, blues have popped up around oil rigs off Grande Isle and are in violently hungry mood; OG.

NEW YORK: Schools of fish to 15 pounds about a mile outside of Montauk, L.I. channel, and up to 100 boats are narrowly availing collectors; OVG.

NEW JERSEY: Excellent run of fish in a variety of sizes now in full swing south of Kinnelake Bank to a point inside of Barn's Bank 5 to 8 miles off Asbury Park. Most successful boats

are chumming and drifting, with catches up to 50 fish a man common. Outdoors elated this is greatest year since 1955 and OVG.

STRIPED BASS: MARYLAND: Striped bass big and plentiful crawling mouth of Chester River in Chesapeake Bay and are being taken trolling and by chumming with grass shrimp. Light tackle catches netting 3-pounders along shores of Kent Island, and annual migration of large fish in the Susquehanna River is under way. OVG generally for next 3 weeks.

CALIFORNIA: Nationwide angling hysteria especially rampant in Calif., as local addicts babble about latest run of big stripers off San Francisco and San Mateo beaches since the war. Top catch last week was 47-pounder by Lou Kresko of San Francisco, taken at Taraval Street tide of Ocean Beach, inside Golden Gate, Russian Bay and Carquinez Strait PG but some wind holding down records.

MASSACHUSETTS: Cape Cod Canal producing on daytime tides, and large schools still showing on Hingham and Brewster shoals; OG but spotty. Surf slingers along Orleans and Nauset beaches scoring said OG, Cuddy's Bay yielding over usual July slump but report plenty of bass in the vicinity.

KNOX ISLAND: PG all along coast on Mrs. Joanne W. Albrecht of Charleston last week took a 30-pounder on 14-pound-test line for a

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DELMAR YACHT BASI



A PIONEER

Mrs. Dan Broman of Victoria, Texas is dwarfed by her 375-pound blue marlin, caught July 6 of this year off Port Aransas. In the Gulf of Mexico last season, Mrs. Broman landed the port's first blue marlin, opened up a new big game fishing territory.

possible new world record in the 13- to 20-pound-test line category.

ATLANTIC SALMON: NEW BRUNSWICK: Consistent good but salmon fish at Princeton on St. John and Nashua rivers. FF on St. Croix and PG for grabe and salmon upriver on St. John particularly at Bath Pool where a 12- and 15-pounder were taken last week by two anglers from whom you know — Bath, N.Y. OG on Toluque River below power dam and also on open water of the Upsalquitch.

NOVA SCOTIA: Provincial catch totaled 226 for last week making season's kill to date 2,331. St. Mary's top river with the Moose a close second. FF in Richmond County's Grand River, West Sheet Harbour, Egan Stream, Melway and Margaree. Rain tended to cause river levels except in eastern Cape Breton region where water levels are N, OG here but OF for rest of province.

THE COLLEGE FOOTBALL CRISIS

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conference institutions can be achieved so that the differing competitive conditions can be minimized. Any code which does not take into account the legitimate interests of the alumni and booster organizations and which does not make it possible for the institutions to work constructively with these groups, accepting full institutional responsibilities for their activities, is not likely to be successful."

These are the statements of a man to whose university, in all of its various athletic and educational facilities, football means a great deal—in terms of money and prestige as well as the more idealistic values.

It is all the more interesting, therefore, to hear the following from Lowell J. Reed, president of The Johns Hopkins University, which is a definite "have not" in the field of intercollegiate football. Hopkins has no athletic scholarships and no revenue of any kind from its athletic program. No admission is charged for attendance at any athletic contest and consequently there are no gate receipts. All contests are scheduled on a home-and-home basis and no guarantees are accepted or given. Some 13 intercollegiate sports are supported by the general funds of the university in the same way as the academic departments.

In answer to the question: "Do you think football is a positive adjunct to your institution?" President Reed had this to say:

"With the exception of the war years, Hopkins has had football teams during the entire 20-year-period referred to [no-gate, no-subsidy athletic policy established 20 years ago]. This signified that we do believe the game has values—very real values. However, we have had cause to ask ourselves whether these values are being realized.

"Football is the only sport in which we suffer a real disadvantage because of our 'no subsidy' policy. By the operation of ordinary selective processes—ours and the students'—we usually enroll a normal distribution of students interested in baseball, basketball, lacrosse, soccer and the other intercollegiate sports. In football, however, only an occasional good player comes to us and we can never expect, without resort to recruiting devices which we do not intend to use, to have an entire football team of real competence. Our football teams are weaker in terms of our natural competitive area than our

other teams. This is not particularly good for the players' morale, and we have on occasion seriously considered giving up the game. We shall probably continue it, however, so long as there are on the campus enough students who like to play football and who are willing to play it under recognized handicaps.

"In the light of what I have written above, it is clear that Hopkins can have only one answer to your last question. [How can football be bettered?] If all subsidies were eliminated everywhere, football would probably return to its natural place in the university curriculum. In 1938, when we eliminated gate



TENNESSEE'S NEYLAND

Hell's bells, Herman; want a sermon? Did you ever take a crack at the needle in the haystack? What's wrong with college football? What's wrong with a beautiful dream? It doesn't seem to matter at all—it's just that things aren't what they seem.

receipts, we assumed if money was eliminated from the program, the game of football might be returned to its position as a recreative game rather than be continued as a part of the amusement industry of the country. Unfortunately we were unable to get other institutions to follow our plan, and perhaps it is not practical for many to do so.

"At present it seems to us that the real difficulty is that too much attention is paid to the game. It is difficult for us to see how an activity given this amount of national attention can be a part of a healthy recreation program."

It can be argued, if you have an old coach's bias like mine, that the aims and beliefs of the coaches are at least as important as the views of the presidents. Where a college president views the picture from a broad perspective, a coach sees the problems from the

ranks of the players, from the fighting line. I have known intimately most of the coaches who answered our questionnaire either as opposing players, opposing coaches, former teammates or through covering their practices and games. No more dedicated group can be found in any profession even though their opinions of what is best for the game may differ widely. A few, because of the policies of their schools, asked not to be quoted directly.

Murray Warmath, my former Tennessee teammate, who is presently the head coach at the University of Minnesota and has previously served at Tennessee, West Point and Mississippi State, has this to say:

"It is my honest opinion that the only thing wrong with football is the overemphasis on de-emphasis. I feel that actually too many people are concerned with trying to regulate and hurt football rather than promote it. Not enough young men are participating in the game. I feel that this is the only game we have left that builds and promotes the wonderful frontier and rugged pioneer spirit that our people seemed to possess during the last century. Football is the only Spartanlike game that we are playing in college now, except possibly hockey.

"I am sure that many people will touch upon recruiting as an evil of our athletic system. I don't think that there is a present answer to that problem just yet. It is the only area about the entire program that I feel needs any additions or modifications at all. Actually, I can't see anything wrong with coaches visiting prospects and talking to their families about the possibility of attending the university which they represent. I think that the evil lies behind the wealthy alumni that become involved in the squabble of trying to procure the services of the athletes.

"Also, I know that many will be critical of scholarship aids given athletes. I think this medium is wonderful service rendered to a great number of deserving young men. The boys participating make a greater contribution to the university which they attend than does the average student. They must in every instance meet the graduating and eligibility requirement. I can see nothing wrong in helping these boys maintain and sustain themselves in college. I cannot agree over and beyond a basic subsistence, however."

Don Faurot, the head coach and athletic director at the University of

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THE FOOTBALL CRISIS

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Missouri, has influenced the style of football play more than any other individual during the past 10 years. The innovator of the split-T with his two ardent disciples, Bud Wilkinson and Jim Tatum, he has made the phrase "option play" a household word. He is a firm believer in the values of football and a strong supporter of the college scholarship which permits room, board and tuition. He says:

"I feel the worst thing about college football is not what the colleges themselves do but what the coaches ask the alumni to do in the way of buying athletes for their schools. There are rules against under-the-table money as all money must be channeled through the institution. Therefore most of the evils of college athletics are brought about by the coaches themselves. The alumni are merely tools in the coaches' hands and never recruit a boy that the coaches do not want. The real evil in college football and the real danger that we

ents can afford to send him to school."

Two successful young head coaches in the Southeastern Conference, Art Guepe of Vanderbilt and Bowden Wyatt of Tennessee, are optimistic about the present state of college football and firm believers in the "open scholarship" plan.

Guepe wired tersely: "There is nothing wrong with football today except that someone must lose each Saturday. A uniform grant-in-aid in all conferences would go far toward eliminating hypocrisy."

Wyatt wired: "I have never felt that anything was seriously wrong with college football; in fact, I have felt that it has improved every year. I do feel that it would benefit all concerned if all conferences were to adopt the open scholarship plan such as the grant-in-aid which is used in the Southeastern Conference."

From another SEC coach, who asked that his name be withheld, came a different slant, though he is just as positive in his feelings about the open athletic scholarship:

"I believe the biggest trouble today with college football is the general public's attitude toward the game. The trend is toward making it a professional type of game, though it is played and coached by amateurs."

"Sportswriters are not helping the game any by their general attitude. They criticize, condemn and second-guess players and coaches just as they do in professional sports. Also, one of the major problems, I think, is that when a school and a coach have been found guilty of violation, the general attitude has been, 'So what, so long as we win, that's the only important thing.' Or, 'Who is the dirty so-and-so who turned us in and caused us to get caught?' Or, 'Everybody else does, why shouldn't we?'"

Of somewhat similar thought comes this statement from Charlie Caldwell, head coach of Princeton and a former Coach of the Year:

"The motivation which is slowly driving college football toward professionalism of various degrees comes from the American trait, 'The desire to win.' This trait, of course, is one of the great characteristics of our American

way of life but should not be used in a way to complicate the life of students."

"Unfortunately these students, whose primary purpose in attending college is to obtain the most of this 'once in a lifetime opportunity,' have been subjected to outside pressures

PRESIDENT HUMPHREY WYOMING

Unless universities can eliminate and control excesses and can meet the increasing pressures, the game as we know it will perhaps deserve the fate its most bitter critics wish for it.

which distort and confuse their own important objectives."

These are the thoughts of thoughtful men to whom the game of football means a great deal—to some in the direct sense that it is their profession, their life; to others indirectly as a part of the education of young Americans for which they are responsible. Mostly in this survey, they have been directed toward the participants in football. I think that, as a concluding statement to the first part of this survey, a word directed toward the public is fitting. It comes from Harlan Hatcher, the president of the University of Michigan:

"Some publications, some educators, and the public as well, perhaps, seem more concerned about the guilt of football than with its innocence. I wonder whether the public attitude and knowledge would in the long run be improved if you could find a substitute for, or drop entirely, the picking of game winners in advance and selecting of bowl opponents and All-America players before the season starts, much less ends. This buildup may be all right for professional sports, and admittedly it may help ticket sales for amateur sports, but it does put a special pressure on players and coaches, and on entire institutions, which they should not have to bear, in my opinion. I know there are problems. Surely educators, athletic directors and coaches, publishers and commentators, and all who love clean, wholesome sport can find some helpful answers." (ENB)

VANDERBILT'S GUEPE

There is nothing wrong with football today except that someone must lose each Saturday. A uniform grant-in-aid in all conferences would go far toward eliminating hypocrisy.

face today is that the sport may become so highly professionalized because so many people want to pay the players rather than just allow them board, room, tuition and a little spending money—which is on an amateur basis. I think the college scholarship is wonderful because a boy cannot work while he is trying to attend school. Some of the major colleges do not have a scholarship but expect the boy to work for \$75 or \$100 a month when it is absolutely impossible regardless of the rate of pay that they may want to pay him. They refuse to work out a realistic rule for athletics; and therefore when the big conferences of this country refuse to look the problem squarely in the face, there isn't much hope for the rest of us."

Bud Wilkinson, Oklahoma's brilliant coach and athletic director, concurs with Faurot in many of his statements. He says:

"I do not believe a scholarship with a reasonable academic base in any way makes a boy a professional. In essence, it merely equalizes his athletic opportunity with that of the boy whose par-

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE: PART II

The facts on recruiting. . . . A word from the alumni. . . .
The presidents and athletic officials say what should be done. . . . SPORTS ILLUSTRATED offers its own solution

UMPIRES EVER WRONG?

continued from page 28

to the point where I can no longer read the letters on his shirt-front—the plate umpire rules on this play—then he's in the outfield just the same. "In the opinion of the umpire," you understand. But why, in a matter so susceptible to clear definition, should not the rule book take the load off us?

As an umpire, I have other minor irritations, but these are not of a special nature, to the extent that I think many fans share them. There is a reason (*i.e.*, he might not touch every bag) why a player who obviously has put the ball out of the park must trot around the bases. But the spirit of his doing so is no more than the rough equivalent of the victorious matador swaggering around the bull ring, and the gesture is a time-waster. There is a reason (*i.e.*, the batter might reach out and poke one) why the pitcher issuing the intentional pass must throw four wide ones rather than merely signal his decision to the umpire. But a careless throw near the strike zone is extremely unlikely, the chances of its happening are nowhere near strong enough to condone the limping, listless seconds consumed. There probably is even a reason, although I have yet to discover it, for the free-hand use of sportswriters and sportscasters of the term "automatic strike"—the throw

the pitcher comes in with when the count is 3 and 0. But I wish it would be banned from the language, certainly, and for patent reasons, it has no place in umpire lexicon.

And there is, I reluctantly have to suppose, a reason why the umpire, one of the most skillful of specialists, is so wretchedly paid for what he does and what he has to put up with. Beside most players and all managers at his professional level, he is an economic patsy foundling. Top in the majors, and this only after the man has given virtually his life to his craft, is around \$15,000 a year. Pride of achievement is all that is left.

SUBJECT TO FRAILTY

You can't eat it—but it is there. Umpires are subject to human frailties, to be sure. In the PCL, for example, some of us are known as "high-ball" umpires, some as "low-ball," a reference to the unconscious favor the man working the plate may show a pitch either in or near the strike zone. I was a low-ball man myself, and most of the throwers well knew it. But things like this do not diminish our pride in abilities and instincts developed through long periods of apprenticeship.

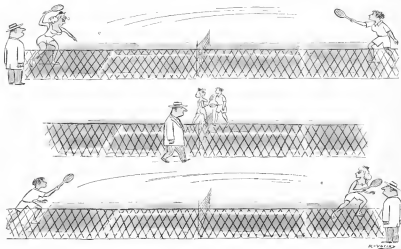
Neither ability nor instinct should be associated with vision, where an

umpire's vocational skill is concerned. I am never able to hear the local comics blare forth with *Three Blind Mice* when the umpire team walks on the field without thinking of my very favorite umpire story, a true one. It concerns the great Bill Klem, who, one day some years ago, was called out of retirement to umpire an exhibition between the Yankees and the Dodgers in Atlantic City. As most umpires would, he chose to work the plate, and he turned in a performance without a single error, a truly magnificent job. Later, an awed colleague congratulated him. Klem smiled grimly.

"You know," he said, "I'm blind in one eye and have cataracts in the other. But I wanted to show these young punks that umpiring is not eyesight but instinct."

I'm on reserve status now with the PCL. The chance came to do some television—and I grabbed it. As you will guess, the money's better. Then again, it's returned to me my status as an individual. Umpires have two qualities in common with waiters: they are faceless, their services usually go unnoticed until they do something wrong. Yet, if I had it to do all over again, I wouldn't change an hour. A few decisions maybe. That's all.

None of the decisions, incidentally, would include the close ones at first and second. The guy's safe, I know, but he's out just the same. (CWB)



DELIGHTS OF SARATOGA

continued from page 12

about 13 miles east of the tote board, when Burgoyne surrendered to the American General Gates 179 years ago come this October.

So many colorful things have happened over the years at Saratoga that a pageant director would have a hard time choosing which to feature. Maybe there should be a re-enactment of the day when Evander Berry Wall, premier dude of his time, made good his boast that he could change his attire 40 times in one day. Interest in the marathon was tremendous. The clotheshorse supplanted the running horse for the day and bets in abundance were made on the outcome. Excitement grew as Mr. Wall appeared on the veranda of the United States Hotel in each new costume, modeled it for a few moments and then dashed upstairs to the waiting arms of his valet, to don the next set of duds. At the close of a sunset that made the western heavens look almost as gorgeous as Diamond Jim Brady dressed for the races, Mr. Wall tottered into the lobby in his 40th costume, his evening clothes. It was a driving finish. Thousands cheered. Civ, which had tottered, was saved. A band played *Hail the Conquering Hero Comes*, and those who had lacked faith in Mr. Wall—and his Jeeves—paid off.

Times have changed. These days nobody shifts costume 40 times a day at Saratoga, or anywhere else. Since the advent of pari-mutuels informality prevails, or one might even say, rages; but the officials of the Saratoga track have made one last sartorial stand: they insist that men wear coats in the clubhouse. And, of course, the ancient, austere rule still prevails that kiddies are not allowed at the races except when, as Dr. Red Smith points out, they are riding the racehorses.

In our pageant there ought to be a re-enactment of the historic night at Canfield's when John W. (Bet-A-Million) Gates, a barbed-wire tycoon not to be confused with the Gates to whom General Burgoyne surrendered, lost \$150,000 at faro and then won it back and \$150,000 more with it. But earlier in the day Gates had lost \$400,000 (the \$2 better recording this story relishes flinging around these round numbers) to the bookies, so when rosy-fingered dawn appeared in the east, over what is now Skidmore College, and Gates tipped the haggard faro dealers and called it a day, he was still a quarter of a million bucks shy on the 24 hours. But what was a quarter

of a million to a barbed-wire tycoon in the Gay Nineties? The income tax amendment did not go into effect until 1913.

Recent years have seen changes at Saratoga. The Grand Union, last of the great hotels that for more than a century helped give the town its unique, leisurely, spacious air, was razed four years ago. The United States Hotel had walked the plank a decade earlier. Those two vast inns were probably the largest antiques in the country and they had become anachronisms. Their doom was sealed years back when the automobile started Americans rolling and vacationers no longer cared to anchor at one hotel or one resort all summer. (It was the necessity to pack enough clothes for a three-month stay that had brought into being that enormous travel accessory of the ermine era, the Saratoga trunk.)

ON A CLEAR DAY

One porch in the Grand Union was a quarter of a mile long. Other statistics were in proportion. Playwright Marc Connelly came to Saratoga one August weekend in the 1930s without a reservation and had to take a room in the Grand Union at the end of a remote corridor. Friends asked him that night if his room was satisfactory. "Fine," said Mr. Connelly. "Why, on a clear day I can see the lobby!"

In the 1920s and 1930s, before pari-mutuels came to the spa, the Broadway colonnade of the Grand Union was a nightly bourse where bookmakers, dockers and other racing characters met for post-mortems on that day's races, prophecies of the morrow and any tales of races long since run that might occur to the oldtimers present. A quiet, spectacled man could be seen circulating among the sports, talking little but listening much. His name was Damon Runyon and what he heard at Saratoga (and in Lindy's) he distilled into tales of guys and dolls.

Sn being conspicuous by its absence at Saratoga these days, no ear, however delicately attuned, can detect the click of a roulette wheel. The old palaces of chance are gone, or do not function as palaces of chance. Canfield's Casino has belonged to the city for 40 years. The swank Brook Club, out Church Street, burned in 1935, and Piping Rock, out Union Avenue, met the same end a few years ago. Arrowhead, at Saratoga Lake, is shuttered, and the Chicago Club, once a fantastic

hellhole that roared in the center of the town, is silent and its willow backer, Mr. Luciano, is living abroad, by request. The grass has grown for these many decades on the site of Moon's Lake House, which deserves a fond place in our history as the birthplace of that succulent, though noisy, appetizer and thirst-provoker, the Saratoga chip. The ivories no longer roll at Smith's, a once-famous crap academy out Union Avenue. (When a passport clerk asked Dick Canfield his occupation, he replied with a simple dignity, "Gentleman," but Albert Spencer, another gambler of that day, with less self-reverence, had himself listed in the directory as "dealer in ivory.")

A roulette table at Piping Rock was the scene of an adroit piece of chicanery one night a score of years ago, reported with glee by Russel (*Life With Father*) Crouse who witnessed it. The gaming room was crowded and the wheels spinning briskly when suddenly the lights went out because of a power failure. At Mr. Crouse's table the ball clicked into place just after the room went dark. With fascinating presence of mind a woman playing at the table struck a match and, while ostensibly lighting a cigaret, leaned over and noted where the ball had dropped. Then she moved her pile of chips gently from the number she had played to the number that had won. The croupier, and everyone else at the table, saw her do it, but when the lights went on shortly afterward he paid her off with deadpan courtesy, no doubt deeming it the least troublesome course to pursue. Mr. Crouse's withers were unwrung by this injustice to a croupier. He felt it was a refreshing novelty, like a man biting a dog.

The resounding title, The Saratoga Association for the Improvement of the Breed of Horses, is extinct. Saratoga is now grouped with the other New York running tracks in the recently created Greater New York Association and hopes for happy days ahead and continued improvement of the breed under the aegis of the state-sponsored corporation.

Saratoga also hopes for a new hotel soon. Last winter a New York syndicate made a tentative offer to build a hotel in the city-owned park adjoining Canfield's Casino. This started a lively debate among Saratogians. One group protested that allowing a hotel to be built in the park would commercialize it. A second group, which seems to be the majority, argued that the important thing is to get the hotel built, in or out of the park. The syndi-

cate insists the site in the park is the only practical one it can, or will, consider. A referendum of the citizens is to be held to decide the matter.

When the August race meeting ends, Saratoga recedes from its summer population peak of perhaps 40,000 to its off-season norm of 15,000. Later in September, the 15,000 are augmented by a thousand young ladies who come to study at Skidmore College, and on weekends during the college year the thousand young ladies are augmented by a thousand stalwarts from Dartmouth, Colgate, Williams and other stag academies who come to Saratoga to study the Skidmore student body. (Fun intended, if so desired.) Horses do not stop traveling around a circle at Saratoga when August ends. There were trotting races at the spa in the 1840s before the runners came, and a century later the trotters returned.

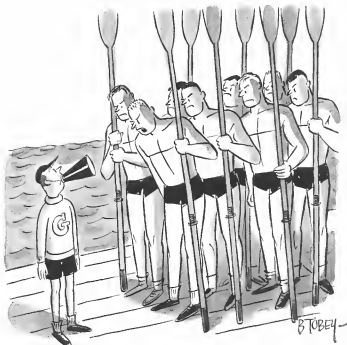
Their stronghold is the Saratoga Raceway, out Nelson Avenue, and they thrive there nightly from early June to mid-October.

Throughout the year, in numbers that vary with the seasons, visitors come to Saratoga to take the baths. The Gideon Putnam, state-owned hotel named for the pioneer who built the first inn at Saratoga in 1802, is open the year round. East of the running track lies Yaddo, a great estate which by the will of its late owners, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Trask, is a retreat to which writers and musicians come by invitation to work in leisure for varying periods. A few miles west of Saratoga stands an odd-looking silvery globe 90 feet high in which scientists pursue research on atomic-powered submarines for the Navy. A number of flourishing small industries give year-round employment to many Saratoga-

gians, and many others commute 23 miles to Schenectady to work at the General Electric or American Locomotive plants there.

Come fall the Elks resume their bowling tournaments. Rotary and Lions step up their activities. The damsel acrobats of the high school start practicing cheerleading in preparation for football games. The PTA gets to work on school lunches and other plans for the welfare of the children. In other words, Saratoga takes up the life of the average pleasant small town. Yet it is not quite like other small towns, either. For a century and a half Saratoga has brushed each summer against the gay, lively outside world and something has rubbed off, onto the spa. It has tolerance, a touch of cosmopolitanism, an absence of parochialism not usually found in small towns.

(EPLD)



"Now you listen to us for a change!"

BILLY HAUGHTON

continued from page 21

ailing horses; the payroll for a staff of 38 groomers and five assistant trainers, and dozens of other chores. If he's lucky, Haughton gets a quick late lunch and change of clothes at home before he reports back at the track at 7 o'clock to start warming up his entries in that evening's races. With a stable his size, he usually drives in at least four races at the track where he is temporarily based. That brings him home about midnight. And doesn't leave much time to spend with his family. "Weeks go by," says Dorothy, "without us having a meal at home. We don't see a movie or show for ages."

All this, however, is only part of Haughton's routine and that of men like Johnny Simpson, Joe O'Brien, Del Miller and other topflight harness trainer-drivers. Haughton's schedule for last week—a typical midseason week—is illuminating. Monday afternoon he raced at the Kent & Sussex Fair in Harrington, Delaware; immediately afterward he flew to Vernon Downs in upstate New York for stakes engagements that night. Tuesday afternoon he was back at Harrington, and that night he raced at Roosevelt Raceway on Long Island. Wednesday afternoon and night he raced at Harrington and Roosevelt again. Thursday night he was back at Vernon. Friday and Saturday he raced at Roosevelt.

Beginning this week the bulk of Haughton's horses will be based at Yonkers Raceway, from where he will fly to major stakes in Illinois, Ohio and Kentucky, among others, until the season ends in late November. This is in addition to a full schedule of racing at Yonkers itself.

One final facet of Haughton's work yields another due to the man's personality. In all, those 98 trotters and pacers represent 40 different horse owners, and keeping that number of people happy and satisfied with the training and racing of their horses may well be the most important part of Billy's daily activities. He manages this so well that he is regularly offered more horses by new owners. More horses would, of course, mean more income for Haughton, but he is now at the limit of time and physical endurance. In terms of money, that limit is comfortable indeed. Haughton keeps the standard 10% of all purses won, which totals about \$250,000 over the past five years. He also owns or shares ownership of some of those winning horses, which means he keeps far

more than 10% of their earnings. For each horse in his stable, he charges \$125 per month for training, the owner paying all other costs—grooming, feed, medicines, stakes payments and so on. Ninety horses bring in more than \$11,000 a month. These two items—purses and fees—represent the major share of the Haughton income. Offsetting them is a stable payroll of a quarter of a million dollars a year.

ness purse was \$100. But more important, they still find it hard to believe that anyone can master the complexities of training, stable management and racing technique short of age 45.

Next Wednesday, Hambletonian day at Goshen, New York, marks one of the odd, blank entries in Haughton's record. Though he has won many of the sport's major stakes with such outstanding horses as Quik Chief, Belle Acton, Bachelor Hanover and Galophone, this prize of prizes in trotting has thus far eluded him. The closest



DOROTHY HAUGHTON HOLDS BROWN JUG, WHICH BILLY WON WITH QUICK CHIEF LAST FALL

Any reasonable estimate of Haughton's net income puts him in the \$100,000-a-year-plus class with men like Ted Williams and President Eisenhower. But Billy, it should be noted, can continue to earn at this rate for another 25 years at least, whereas athletes in any field besides horse racing must find other employment when their playing days are over, usually before the age of 40.

Oldtime trotting horsemen still nod their heads in amazement at the racing schedules and the earnings of "youngsters" like Haughton. It is a far cry from the days—not more than 15 years ago—when a good average har-

ness ever came was last year's tie for second with Galophone. He will not be driving one of his own horses this year, and even if he turns up with a "catch" drive it is doubtful that he will be able to challenge seriously the trio of favorites—Egyptian Princess, Saboteur and Dara Gay.

But 1957 will be different. In his stable today Haughton has the speediest trotting filly in many a year, unbeaten in eight starts as a 2-year-old this season—Charming Barbara. Short of a major disaster to the filly, next year will see Billy Haughton climax a remarkable racing career with a Hambletonian victory. (END)

19th HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

DREAM RACE

Sir:

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has done it again. The proposal of a dream race is a terrific idea (SI, July 30). The best horses in the country pitted against each other is really a dream race. Besides Swaps, Nashua, Needles and Fabius, how about Count of Honor. This 3-year-old colt has won all five starts this year at Hollywood Park after coming there as an unraced maiden. I offer a prediction on how the race would come out if run at a mile and a half: 1) Swaps; 2) Needles; 3) Nashua; 4) Count of Honor; 5) Fabius.

MORT KAMINS

Los Angeles

BREAMEING IN ATLANTIC CITY

Sir:

We at the Atlantic City Race Course are regular readers and great admirers of the fine work SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has done in the coverage of Thoroughbred horse racing. Consequently, we read with interest your proposed "Dream Race" (E & D, July 30).

However, the Atlantic City Racing Association had the same thought several months ago when we established our two \$100,000 invitational races, the Atlantic City Handicap, Aug. 11, at one mile and a furlong on the dirt track, and the United Nations Handicap, Sept. 15, at one mile and three-sixteenths on the grass course. . . . The four horses you mention, Swaps, Nashua, Needles and Fabius, were all invited to participate in the Atlantic City Handicap. They will probably all again be high on the invitation list for the United Nations.

Of the four, only Nashua was in a position to accept the invitation for the Atlantic City Handicap. The others, for one reason or another, were all engaged elsewhere. . . . Other acceptances include Switch On, Find, Mister Gus, Porterhouse, Sea O' Erin, Jet Action, Midairformoon, Skipper Bell, Thinking Cap, Wise Margin and Bardolow. I believe you will agree that these are among the most outstanding handicap horses now in training in the U.S.

Weights for the United Nations will be announced in the very near future. We don't know whether Nashua likes grass racing, but we do know that, if invited,

which he most certainly will be, Swaps will be here to run in the event. . . .

JOHN B. KELLY
President

Atlantic City Racing Association
Atlantic City, N.J.

● Mr. Kelly, who has already provided the whole world with the most exciting match of the year (Rainier and Grace), is to be congratulated on providing racing fans with two fine races, but SI would still like to see ITS "dream race": Swaps, Nashua, Needles and Fabius in one field.—ED.

CAN THE PUBLIC OVERLOOK THIS?

Sir:

Three cheers to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for the fine article *Woe for Walkers* (SI, July 23) by Alice Higgins. The horse world has long needed a national magazine to inform the public of some of the astonishingly cruel practices that go on at horse shows.

The Tennessee Walking Horses certainly do their share of suffering, but can we overlook the American Saddle-breds with their broken tails and heavy shoes?

Does the average person at a horse show, not a horseman, know the real story behind that pretty, alert, high-tailed, high-stepping animal before him in the show ring? Does he know of the tail-cutting, the standing 10 months or more with the tail in an immobile brace each year of showing, the disgusting practice of gingering?

Many of the top horse show people themselves condemn these unnatural practices, but it will take an educated public to completely outlaw them.

DIANE L. GUELBOED
North Olmsted, Ohio

TOWARD A SPEEDY END

Sir:

Mrs. Tyler and I admire you for your article on the Tennessee Walking Horse. We hope the cruel practices on Walking Horses may now come to an end and we think your article will help a lot.

CAL G. TYLER

Dixon, Ill.

THE EFFECTIVE WEAPON

Sir:

I am sure SPORTS ILLUSTRATED readers would be interested in the reaction here in Tennessee to its charge of inhuman treatment of the Tennessee Walking Horse.

As part of an article for *The Nashville Banner*, I interviewed several trainers, owners and officials. They agreed that there is a practice of cruelty on the part of some trainers, but that progress is being made to stamp this out. Orman Gilmore, a judge, said, for example: "Some of the treatment these horses are getting is a disgrace."

The president of the Breeders Association, H. Tom Fulton, in discussing cruelty to these animals, told me: "It is serious. It may or may not be getting worse, but I do know that our association is starting to take steps toward cleaning it up."

The association has indeed named a special committee of three of its executive committee members to discuss with state officials a law similar to that which protects Walkers in Kentucky. This, of course, follows SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's suggestion.

The Nashville Humane Association has been quietly investigating reports of cruelty for over a year without being able to nail down positive evidence or prove guilt. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's article has provided the publicity that is the most effective weapon in matters of this nature and has stirred the proper people into action.

BOB WITT
The Nashville Banner
Nashville, Tenn.

INCURABLE COMPLACENCY

Sir:

Robert Creamer is obviously a Yankee fan (*Casey Puts It on Ice*, July 23) who has forgotten that the game is never over until the last man is out. History shows many come-from-behind pennant winners—viz. 1951 Giants, 1914 Braves. The Yankees have been known to lose a few—and they can do it again. Ask Stengel! He's not so confident and he should know.

VIRGINIA FURCH
Santa Barbara, Calif.

continued on next page

MR. CAPER

by AJAY



© Jay

YANKIE ROYCOTT

Sirs:

Sadly I will have to agree with Sports Illustrated that the Yankees for all practical purposes have clinched the 1956 American League pennant. But I am disgusted about it because I see an unhealthy situation in the American League. Four Chicago haven't won an American League pennant since 1919, and Detroit for 11 years.

The only solution is for the other seven clubs to completely boycott the Yanks—make no deals at all with them.

ROGER STANTON

Detroit

SURPRISE, SURPRISE

Sirs:

Boy, is that Creamer going to be surprised in September when he looks at the box score and sees that Boston has won the pennant.

LES DABEK

Manchester, N.H.

● That Creamer says: "Boy, will I!" —ED.

SOLID CINCINNATI

Sirs:

Your picture of the ecstatic Cincinnati fans with their All-Star pennant (WONDERFUL WORLD, July 23) just isn't fair. Even their female fans have more muscles than our Pirate hallplayers. Or was that Ted Kluswieski in a blond wig?

MARTHA TUNSTALL

Pittsburgh

FIT IN PHOENIX

Sirs:

I enjoy all of Sports Illustrated, but I particularly want to compliment you on your attention to women's sports activities.

One way to get youngsters interested in



SOLE SOURCE

Sirs:

Out here in Manhattan (Kans.) we're grateful to Sports Illustrated for keeping us posted on Princeton University's 150-pound rowing crew.

I have one objection, I found no mention of the coach Donald L. Rose. Although he's in his first year of coaching at Princeton U., he's quite a sportsman. Not only was he coxswain on the rowing crew at Wisconsin U. but was also a varsity gymnast, and later sports editor for a Wisconsin daily.

LOIS M. OTTAWAY

Manhattan, Kans.

● See above for Coach Don Rose (right, kneeling) and his crew, who are, left to right (standing): James Newcomer, Portland, Ore.; William Satterfield, Little Rock, Ark.; Robert Brink, San Jose, Calif.; Anthony Fletcher, New Canaan, Conn.; Alan Korhammer, Mt. Vernon, N.Y.; Leonard Yerkes, Wilmington, Del.; Raymond Huttig, Homewood, Ill.; James Kaiser, Anchorage, Ky. (Kneeling): John Souter, Rye, N.Y.; David Schall, Cleveland; Peter Liebert, Brooklyn.—ED.

exercises and physical fitness is to get their mothers interested. YWCA health education departments have for years been doing just this, but with more support from their communities, better facilities and more and better instructors they could do a much bigger and better job.

We are fortunate here in Phoenix in that the local Tennis Patrons Association has undertaken the project of raising money to build two tennis courts. We are looking for other sports-minded groups and individuals to help finance a big swimming pool, a gymnasium, outdoor exercise area and children's playground.

MRS. EDWARD E. TUFTS

Phoenix

HE CAN DO IT

Sirs:

The article by Coles Phinix on Rafer Johnson (Another Guest from the Valley, July 16) was a superbly done job. It gave me a clear picture of Rafer's ability and possibilities of his winning the decaathlon for us. I myself believe that he can do it. Mr. Phinix is to be commended for his excellent handling of a great athlete's chances.

PETER ROUSSEL

Houston

A CHANGE OF HEART

Sirs:

I was sorry to see that Governor Earl Long of Louisiana has signed a state bill banning interracial athletic contests in his commonwealth ("Current Week," July 30). This, of course, was his privilege but, in a country such as ours and especially in the field of sports where we like to give everyone an equal opportunity, it does seem to be a step in the wrong direction.

I have been interested in sports for more than 40 years and have been active in a number of national sports organizations. We have constantly been moving in the direction of brotherhood and equality.



"Now that we know about your skill with the bow and arrow, may we remove it?"

I hope that spectators of Louisiana will examine the new law and, if it really says and means what has been reported, will have it in their hearts to bring about a change through thoughtful and legal means.

H. T. FRIERMOOD
National Council of YMCA

New York

THE GOLDEN AGE OF UNCLE MARTIN Sirs:

Edwin M. Stoffe's letter (July 23) went down memory lane with his story of the children's game called the Prince of Paris. How well I recall the game—going back to the 1900s—excepting that it was called here the "Priest of the Parish." The cap he lost was his "considering" cap. Also the first to be accused was "my man Jack." He was to reply, "Oh, not I sir." Then the game would proceed.

In those days, in the golden age of simploty, people had to make their own fun. In the Priest of the Parish game, my Uncle Martin, of happy memory, always sat in the middle. Encircling him were the maiden ladies, and he held the only weapon, a large boxing glove which he kept waving around during the progress of the game. He would hold the glove at the wrist and dlobber them with the soft part of the glove when they missed. I'm sure the hysterical laughter and shrieks of the girls could have been heard a block away.

I think Uncle Martin was a showman in excluding males—there wouldn't have been half the commotion.

THOMAS O'MALLEY

Philadelphia

DREAM BOATS (CONT.)

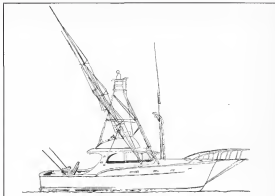
Sirs:

Lou Marron's deep-sea fishing cruiser is certainly a dream boat (81, July 30), but it is not the only one afloat. Here is another, the *Lazy Bones III* (see diagram), which we just finished for Harry Peters of Hackensack, N.J. Here the emphasis is on a high-speed boat of medium range and maximum maneuverability. Lou Marron's *Eugenie VIII* is a long-range boat, and it is not yet possible to build everything into one boat without sacrificing something.

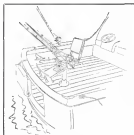
Now for the details: length—40 feet, beam—13 feet 4 inches, speed—30 mph with twin 250-hp V-8 Chrysler engines. Unlike *Eugenie*, the Rybovich-designed hull features a very deep Vee bottom which has proven to be ideal. These boats can be driven at high speed in very rough water, and with their low profile, good beam and Vee bottom you have a boat that gives the utmost in comfort even under the nastiest sea conditions. A 425-gallon-gasoline capacity gives the extra range needed to reach the hard-to-get-to places. For maximum speed and maneuverability, we have found that for this design gasoline engines are best, and the Chrysler V-8 certainly has proven itself in the past two years.

The cockpit (see diagram) is the center of the activity on any fish boat, and here we were able to give the space needed by eliminating all projections with recessed cleats and rod holders, fighting chair with rod holders on each arm of chair, which double as hand grips. A live-bait well under deck also serves as a fish box when the large box is left ashore. A bait icebox is at starboard.

The lower control station (see diagram)



"LAZY BONES III" HAS PULPIT. TUNA TOWER COULD BE RIGGED FOR REMOTE STEERING



COCKPIT BOASTS RECESSED HARDWARE



LOUNGE-CONTROLS DUPLICATE BRIDGE'S

is located near the chair so the entire crew can be handy to the angler when it comes time to take a big fish. After much experimentation, we have pretty much settled on the transom door (see diagram) as the ideal method of getting a fish on board.

The lounge in the deckhouse (see diagram) has worked out well, the pedestal-mounted table makes it easy to get out from under in a hurry. Rod lockers at right keep tackle in order.

The flying bridge control station is a duplicate of the lower station. A depth recorder, remote control for 85-watt radio and radio direction finder make this the navigating station, and with the one-piece windshield there is ample protection.

The tower—hereabouts, we call them tuna towers, as they were developed by us for use at the Cat Cay Tuna Tournament, is a light-weight aluminum framework having a platform and padded railing with a control station that puts a man 20 feet above the water and in a position to add tremendously to his effective range of observation as well as be able to see down into the water. The ladder leading directly to the bridge assures a safe and quick return to a control position closer to the angler after the fish is hooked. The tower should

work out well in looking for broadbill at Montauk this summer.

Accommodations are not extensive; many a good fishing trip has been ruined by having too many people on board. We have provided a private stateroom for two, with adjoining bath. Crew's quarters for two and separate head. Ample galley and galley refrigeration, 150-gallon water tank plus a 15-gallon tank for drinking water piped through a cooler in the refrigerator.

The forward cabin is air-conditioned. In addition to cooling, the most important feature is the filtered air provided in air-conditioning, and in some parts of the Bahamas, this assures freedom from insects, which, at times, are very bad.

The above, along with the sketches, provides some information of one other owner's ideas about a "dream" fishing boat.

JOHN RYBOVICH JR.

West Palm Beach

● John Rybovich is responsible for the design and construction of some of the most versatile sport fishermen's afloat as well as such specialized equipment as the Rybovich outriggers, used also on Lou Marron's *Eugenie VIII*.—ED.



HENRY BENJAMIN GREENBERG

DETROIT A.L. 1933 TO 1946

PITTSBURGH N.L. 1947

ONE OF BASEBALL'S GREATEST RIGHT-HANDED BATTERS. TIED FOR MOST HOME RUNS BY RIGHT-HANDED BATTER IN 1938-38. MOST RUNS-BATTED-IN 1935-37-40-46, AND HOME RUNS 1938-40-46. WON 1945 PENNANT ON LAST DAY OF SEASON WITH GRAND SLAM HOME RUN IN 9TH INNING. PLAYED IN 4 WORLD SERIES, 2 ALL-STAR GAMES. MOST VALUABLE A.L. PLAYER TWICE-1935-1940. LIFETIME BATTING AVERAGE .313.



Hank Greenberg, 45, general manager of the Cleveland Indians, gained baseball's 20-year-old Hall of Fame last week, to become 80th major league player so honored. The ex-Detroit Tiger star is married to department store heiress Carol Gimbel Greenberg and has three children. He said the Cooperstown honor was the biggest thrill of his baseball career.



Joe Cronin, Boston Red Sox general manager since 1948, was installed with Greenberg in Cooperstown ceremonies. Cronin was sold to the Red Sox by the late Clark Griffith, owner of the Washington Senators, in 1934 shortly after marrying Mildred Robertson, Griffith's niece. Blushing bridegroom brought the unsentimental Silver Fox a fabulous \$250,000.



JOSEPH EDWARD CRONIN

PITTSBURGH N.L. 1926-1927

WASHINGTON A.L. 1928-1934

BOSTON A.L. 1935-1945

NAMED ALL-STAR SHORTSTOP SEVEN SEASONS. MOST VALUABLE PLAYER A.L. 1930. LED A.L. SHORTSTOPS IN FIELDING 1931-1932. MOST PUTOUTS AND DOUBLE PLAYS 1930-31-32. LIFETIME BATTING AVERAGE .302. WON PENNANT IN 1933 IN FIRST SEASON AS MANAGER WASHINGTON A.L. AT AGE 26. TRADED TO BOSTON 1934 FOR REPORTED RECORD PRICE OF \$250,000.

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